

Somehow Ted found out that the classes were taking place in the old railroad station-turned-hotel a mere twenty minutes from his ranch (The Flying D, the big one that had been in escrow in June) and he showed up one afternoon, nervous and talkative, to suggest I take the final "exam" on his Cherry Creek and stay for dinner.

When I arrived the day of my exam, Ted hovered about, insisting on driving me to the creek himself with the fishing instructor following in his truck. Once more I was impressed at his sense of humor: "I know you're looking for intimacy, so I've started taking intimacy pills." And later: "Enough of this stuff with younger men. What about older men's rights?" And in a quiet moment he turned to me and said, "It would be a shame if we were eighty by the time we finally get together."

Dinner that night was strained. The Scarlett O'Hara girlfriend was there with him, and Ted made no effort to disguise his interest in me. I can't imagine how three's-a-crowd she must have felt. My brother, always there for me when I need support, was with me. As we drove away I could hear Ted calling to me, "I'll take Italian lessons," "I'll get myself stretched to six feet five" (the height of my Italian boyfriend). Total charm. But I am basically a serial monogamist, so that was that.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

TED

*All I know is I get what I want.
Maybe because I want things more than others do.*

—TED TURNER

... Let's see

*what I am in here
when I squeeze past
the easy cage of bone.*

Let's see

*what I am out here,
making, crafting,
plotting*

at my new geography.

—IMTIAZ DHAKER,

from "Honour Killing"

THE ITALIAN STALLION IS GONE." That's all the postcard said. Unbeknownst to me, my sister-in-law, Becky, a loyal Ted supporter and CNN junkie who was rooting for our coupling, had decided to alert him the moment I was single again. So when Ted's call came early one morning, I was surprised.

"Hey, I hear you've broken up with the Italian. Wanna come up to Big Sur for that weekend we never had?"

"You're really something, Ted," I said, again impressed at his persistence.

This time he picked me up at Santa Monica Airport in his jet and we flew to Big Sur together. I was excited to see him and struck by his hand-

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someness and candor. Once airborne, he asked me if I was a member of the mile-high club.

"What's the mile-high club?" I asked.

"You know, when you've made love in a plane—a mile up in the sky?"

"No, I haven't done that," I replied, feeling quite square.

"Wanna do it right now?" he asked with boyish exuberance, and before I could inquire about the logistics, a fully-made-up double bed materialized where just minutes before there had been a row of seats.

"Oh boy! Playtime," he said gleefully.

Thus began my initiation into the mile-high club.

Driving from Monterey airport in a small Jeep identical to the one he had in Montana, he talked about how he had an okay thing going with a woman in Atlanta and needed to know if I would commit to being his girlfriend, because if not, he didn't want to blow what he already had.

"But, Ted, I can't do that till we know each other. How can we know if this will work? Why don't we just go with the flow . . . see how things work out?" It wasn't the definitive answer he was looking for, but "go with the flow" became his mantra for two years.

Ted's Big Sur house is tiny and mostly glass. It sits atop a narrow mountain ridge that juts out into the azure blue Pacific, Pfeiffer Beach on one side and on the other a heart-stopping, southern view down the rugged coast. I was familiar with this view, having often stayed in the Big Sur Hot Springs Lodge in the early 1960s, before it became the famous Esalen Institute, a center of the "human potential" movement. Vanessa had even lived and worked there for a time.

Big Sur is an intense place, all about edges. When edges of things meet, energy is ratcheted up. There is a mysterious altering of molecules in the air, and those who live at the edges are caught up in it. Mary Catherine Bateson writes that it's at the edges where disciplines meet that thinking becomes most creative: "Where lines are blurred, it is easier to imagine that the world might be different." Maybe that's why some people prefer edges. In Big Sur's offshore waters, the warm Pacific currents converge with the cold arctic waters and this, coupled with Big Sur's savage topography, creates wild clashings of extremes. Of course Ted would love Big Sur—he's a man made to live on edges. Brave, brash, *edgy*.

Surrounding the house is a terraced garden, wild and tangled, the kind I like, and a wooden hot tub built on a ledge with the view of the coastline.

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"Pretty great, huh?" he said as he walked me around the garden. "Ted Turner actually owning all this . . . the most beautiful spot in Big Sur."

I was discovering that Ted is, in the words of novelist Pearl Cleage, a man who enjoys "creating a perfect moment but can't let you enjoy it for reminding you how perfect it really is." I could barely contain the desire to say, "Well, actually, Ted, there's a place up Limekiln Creek that's more beautiful," but I bit my tongue. Standing out on this knee of seacoast, looking down onto Pfeiffer Beach, I told Ted about my long-standing feelings for Big Sur, but while he said, "Oh, that's great," I could tell he wasn't really interested. I remember feeling a shiver when it dawned on me that being with Ted would mean being divorced from my own history.

During dinner I again noticed that my words lay like droplets on an oil slick, never penetrating his surface. This vague indifference to what was not himself left me feeling unseen. The next morning I told him, "I don't think this will work, Ted. I'm sorry. You want to push me into some sort of commitment. But something doesn't feel right and I don't want you to blow that other relationship. I think I'd better go home."

Over the following months I dated other men. I fell asleep on a date with a real estate developer from Laguna Beach. A Beverly Hills doctor took me out several times, but when he told me that he'd gone to South Africa with Frank Sinatra and become convinced that Zulu tribal leader Mangosuthu Buthelesi was the true nonviolent peacemaker there, not Nelson Mandela, I stopped seeing him. Ted called fairly regularly, and there was a constant niggling inside my gut telling me I'd blown my best chance at having the relationship I was searching for, that the problems I'd sensed were really my own, not Ted's.

Ted was funny, quick, complicated, smart. Unlike the doctor, he understood the significance of Mandela. We had a common interest in the environment and peace and a commitment to *make things better*. The chemistry between us cracked. And he was a terrific lover. *What's not to fall for?* I couldn't say for sure . . . just that something didn't feel right. Yet I was miserable, feeling that cowardice (fear of intimacy, fear of being hurt) had made me blow what might well have been the love of my life.

Then my friend the singer Bonnie Raitt called to tell me she was opening for the Grateful Dead's annual New Year's Eve concert in Oakland and invited me. I remember the famous concert promoter Bill Graham making his traditional slow descent from the stadium rafters dressed as a chicken; the Dead Heads tripping in their straight-from-the-sixties tie-dyed shirts and beads; my feeling old and out of it. And I remember how happy Bonnie seemed, more at peace and centered than I had ever seen her. We had known each other and shared intimacies for a number of years and it was no secret that relationships and commitments had been challenges for her. Now here she was with actor Michael O'Keefe and enjoying the heck out of it. Somehow her happiness gave me courage. I thought, Gosh, if she can do it, maybe I can, too, and the very next morning, January 1, 1990, I called Ted and asked if we could try again. Again I was amazed that he was not only willing, but fairly ecstatic. He was always so sweet that I had to ask myself if my trepidations weren't my own demons trying to undermine me.

That was when we began "going steady," as we described it, which I thought was rather charming for two fifty-somethings. Vanessa was in college, but Troy was still in high school. Being away from home for too long made me anxious, so when Ted had to be in Atlanta, I stayed in Santa Monica, even though he was honest about spending those nights with the other woman (or two). I didn't like it. It confused me, but I wasn't ready to lay down ultimatums. I wanted, as I told Ted, to go with the flow, see how things went.

At those times we would talk on the phone for hours. Often he would say, "I need 'fonda-ling. . .'" He found it hard to believe that he was the only one who had ever made this pun on my name. He would tell me he felt himself shrinking when he wasn't with me, and at first I took it as a compliment. Later I realized that it wasn't so much his need to be with me as it was his fear of being alone. Sad to say, Ted doesn't hold his well-being within himself (something we had in common for a while). It has to come from the outside: from a woman, from applause, from achievements and good deeds. It took several years before I began to understand the profound ramifications this would have on me and our relationship. But I had fallen head over heels in love with him—still am in many ways—and I wanted to hang in and try to make it better for this lovable, fascinating man-child, who was just enough *not* like my father that I wanted to crawl inside his skin and know him.



The Fondas being inducted into the Hollywood Entertainment Museum. Here I am with Peter, his children Bridget and Justin Fonda, Shirlee, and Troy.
(Alan Berliner © Berliner Studio/BE Images)

Despite the oddities, being courted by Ted was heady business. Here was a man who shared my commitment to making things better but wasn't so perpetually preoccupied with that that he couldn't shift gears and give equal and talented attention to what can be communicated only through the body. *Above the neck and below the neck, together at last!* One-stop shopping. You want the sex, romance, laughs, shared values, intellectual stimulation, companionship, eroticism, friendship. You want it all, and he seemed to have it all. Besides, everyone close to me liked him: Debbie, my assistant, Lois, Paula, Troy, Nathalie, Lulu, Vanessa—well, actually things weren't so cut-and-dried with Vanessa. From her vantage point here I was giving myself over to another man again, and she was angry.

The first time Ted invited me to Atlanta, he met me at the airport in his modest Ford Taurus and we drove straight to the CNN Center. Oh my! Walking into the huge glass-domed atrium, looking up at the building rising fourteen floors all around me, CNN and TURNER everywhere, every nation's flag flying, even that of the United Nations, testifying to Ted's commitment to a global network. *My boyfriend made this all happen!* I was surprised to discover that this building was also his residence when he was in Atlanta (which was as infrequently as he could get away with). For years after leaving his second wife he had lived in his office and slept on a Murphy bed, until his mistress had complained. Recently, he'd punched through the ceiling of some storage rooms on the fourteenth-floor and built a tiny (seven-hundred-square-foot) penthouse that you reached by going up a narrow wrought-iron take-your-life-in-your-hands spiral staircase. For the ten years Ted and I were together, that penthouse was my home base, making me the only woman in the world who had to walk through a sports-marketing department to get to her front door.

The way he introduced me to everyone in Atlanta made me realize that despite his unquestionable importance in the world, Ted was like a kid, so proud to have me on his arm. This was new for me. So much was new: I had never before been with a businessman, not to mention a very wealthy one, and this one also had the heart of a rebel and social values that didn't put money first. Ted understands money, but he's not *about* money. He's also a playful renegade, an outsider, impolite, impolitic, with grand dreams of changing the world for the better. He put me on a pedestal, clearly needed me, and wasn't afraid to show it. In many ways he was simply irresistible.

I began to get to know Ted's business associates, many of whom had been with him since the very beginning. They told me that since we started dating they had never seen Ted so happy and how much easier he was to work with. The many people who loved him deeply had been growing concerned about his state of mind, partly because of his father's history and partly because of his uncertainties in the relationship department. So they gratefully embraced me as "the woman who had come to the rescue." As one of his sailing buddies said, "Well, it appears Le Capitain is finally in good hands." Of the people around him, only one, his executive assistant, Dee Woods, had something worrisome to tell me (though she loved him dearly): "Jane," she said, "he's a male chauvinist pig and he always will be." She laughed when she said it, and I chose to think she was being funny—sort of. I stored it away.

Ted's adoration for me made me feel good about myself. *Good about myself.* I have to stay with that one for a moment. He told me, so generously and frequently, that he loved me, that he thought I was smart and beautiful, the love of his life, that it began to chip away at my low self-esteem: *Ted Turner thinks I'm great and smart and beautiful, and he's no dummy.* What's touching is that while I was feeling this, Ted was feeling: *Wow, if Jane Fonda loves me, I can't be all bad.* Much as some people might find it hard to believe, we were two people with fragile egos who could make each other feel stronger.

Yet for more than a year there were times when I would feel myself falling into a dark hole. I was learning to listen to my body more, to pay attention to my feelings, and something just didn't feel right. I was certain that he loved me, but then he would say or do something that made me feel his antennae were still up, that my position in his life was permanent, perhaps, but not solo.

We talked about it a lot. He would say, "We're looking at the same canvas and you are seeing one thing and I am seeing another," and he would assure me that my paranoia was unfounded. He began to tell me that the problem was that I was scared of intimacy. *True.* Why else had I twice before chosen men who were not capable of intimacy? I was, I would remind myself, the daughter of my parents: They were two people who lacked emotional attunement.

Perhaps you think that by *intimacy* I mean sex, so allow me to clarify. Sex can be intimate but isn't necessarily so; sometimes it's just the pleasurable stimulation of genitalia. By *intimacy* I mean an attunement

between two people who, despite each other's evident flaws, open their hearts fully to each other. This openness makes them vulnerable, so trust is key. So is self-love: It's impossible to be truly intimate with someone if you don't like yourself.

On at least four occasions I told Ted that I didn't feel he was really there for me and that I would have to leave. Each time, he would become so palpably miserable that it would convince me to stay. "Jane," he said to me one night, "I need to know I can depend on you. You can't keep threatening to leave me, or this won't work."

And suddenly . . . *whack!* The thought slams into me how easily I could blow it because of fears about things that might only be my imaginations. Why am I not allowing myself to be happy? It's so much easier to hold on to those old ghosts, the hurts and grievances, to knead and nurse them. It's comforting because they are what's familiar, not these new feelings of happiness. Mustn't trust them . . . they're too fickle.

But, Jane old girl, this isn't some rehearsal where you'll get notes afterward and a chance to do it better. No, this is but a few years away from the beginning of the last act of your life. Every day counts; every chance to make peace with the old ghosts must be seized. They're not your friends—they're your jail keepers who have outlived their usefulness. They won't keep you warm on a cold night in Montana. Humor and love and the understanding of your new partner will keep them at bay. He'll do that for you and you'll do that for him.

One day Ted asked me, "What do you want out of this relationship?" I liked the question and knew that I needed to take my time and really think before I answered. Ted is a negotiator, and whatever my answer was, I would be held to it as to a contract.

"Give me twenty-four hours to think about it," I said.

And then I pondered: What *do* I want? Trust. Happiness. Love. To be seen, countenanced. I had begun to notice how when those things are not present, when I feel scared or am doing something I don't want to be doing, my breathing gets shallow and my muscles tense and I don't feel good.

"What I want out of this relationship," I told him the next evening, "is to feel good."

"Great! Me too. I want to feel good. Oh boy, party time."

"No, Ted," I interrupted, laughing at his take, which I should have expected. "I don't mean feeling good that way. I mean feeling good the way people do when they feel safe: seen, heard, fully loved."

"Oh yeah . . . okay. That's fine. I get it. Me too."

Only then, a good year into the relationship, did I tell him that I needed him to be monogamous. He agreed.

For all intents and purposes, I had decided to stop acting and producing by the time I met Ted, but once I committed to the relationship, it became a done deal. Ted made that abundantly clear. I was convinced that my career (and the long absences from home that it required) had been a big problem in my marriage to Tom, and I wasn't going to let that happen again; but the feelings that this new reality brought up in me were tough to handle. I had worked from the time I was twenty-two. It was in many ways who I was, though I never quite realized this until I decided to stop working. It wasn't about money. I had enough money to pay my own bills, buy my own clothes, and support my children, all of which I continued to do while I was with Ted. Financial independence was of fundamental importance to me. This fact, I believe, was what created a semblance of a balance of power between us. The anxiety that arose with my retirement was more about giving up what had been my personal, creative outlet and about being subsumed into Ted's orbit.

While Vanessa, never one to steer away from confrontation, expressed outright anger about my subsumation, Troy simply said one morning while he was visiting Ted and me, "I don't want a mom who doesn't work," which, I think, translated into his not wanting me to be merely "wife of." Both of them sensed that some part of me wouldn't be able to flourish. Lulu took to Ted immediately. He was the father figure she'd never had. Nathalie seemed to sense that Ted made me happier than she'd ever seen me, and that was enough for her. But I don't want to minimize the impact that my decision to take up a full-time relationship with Ted had on Vanessa and Troy. They saw me leave behind their home base, as well as my identity as an actress, producer, businesswoman, and political activist, to enter the constantly moving, glitzy life of the corporate media world and on the arm of a former Goldwater Republican. But it wasn't as though they were waiting for me to come home. Troy would soon head to the University of Colorado in Boulder; Vanessa was in her last year at Brown University and had taken a year off to help build a village school in Nicaragua and work with her father

in Zaire. Nathalie had a flourishing career as an assistant film director; Lulu was a graduate student at Boston University.

Once again I seemed to have become someone new because of a man. But beneath the surface I felt a continuity in core values. With Ted I felt I could achieve the true, deep soul connection that had eluded me. Ted was not intimidated by me. I loved him. I loved his smell, his skin, his playfulness, his worldview, his transparency—and I knew that I was finally ready to do the needed work on myself to overcome my fear of intimacy. I wanted this to work and I was prepared to put some parts of myself (moviemaking, mostly) to bed, believing that other parts (my heart) would be waking up. Ultimately I was right, though it didn't end up the way I thought it would.

My fear of intimacy had yet to be conquered, so I wasn't able to see that Ted himself wasn't capable of really showing up in a relationship. I didn't even notice his absence until I began to heal myself. Still, I *did* heal, and I learned so much from Ted on so many levels that I don't regret throwing myself wholeheartedly into trying to make it succeed. Even so, there were days when I was overcome with the feeling that I was making a big mistake and could lose my children and my life.

Nonetheless, I sold my home in Santa Monica as well as Laurel Springs Ranch, packed my belongings, moved all my furniture into Ted's various houses, and migrated south.

I'd never been in the South long enough to get to know it, and immediately I was struck by people's friendliness. Never in all my travels had I been in a place where people came up and said, "Welcome, we're so glad you're here." I knew, of course, about the political conservatism. And some of Ted's acquaintances were less than happy about my appearance on the scene. Ted would say, "Jane was right about Vietnam. I was wrong." He was ready to stand beside me.

The South took some adjusting to. It forced me to slow down, shift gears, and pay close attention. There were so many otherances: the yes-ma'am-no-sir culture, for instance.

My women friends in the West had been feminists; their relationships with their partners were democratic—shared child care, housekeeping, and cooking, working outside the home, holding independent political opinions. Therefore I was surprised at what I first perceived as subservience, a high importance placed on tradition and propriety among many southern white women. (I found this *not* true of most of

the black women I met, perhaps because, from childhood, many black women have been taught that they have to take care of themselves.) As I got to know them, however, southern white women turned out to have plenty of starch in their spines, much more than had been apparent at first blush, and I have, over time, given much thought to why there is that misleading first impression.

The South was an agrarian culture for much longer than the industrialized North: Families lived on farms, some on plantations; it was a culture of property, including humans *as* property. The institution of slavery condoned one *race*-based group of humans serving as commodities to enhance the social and economic power of the other. This made the *gender*-based subservience *within* the patriarchal family seem more normal and acceptable. Add to this the fact of living in isolated rural communities, where it was difficult for women to know there was any other way and no place to go to if they were cast out because of their up-pity behavior. Church life was the South's central social outlet, and there, too, hierarchy and conformity rule. Seeing it from this historical perspective made it easier for me to embrace my less uppity southern women friends.

One more obvious difference: *church*. In California, the only people I knew who regularly went to religious services were my Jewish friends. Now, suddenly, I was getting to know—and like—smart, progressive, funny, not-uptight practicing Christians. Some were not famous; some were—President Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter, Ambassador Andy Young, and others with whom my relationship with Ted brought me in regular contact.

I was still experiencing a feeling of being "led"—watched over—but I viewed it as a secular phenomenon, and the deep faith of my new friends was a source of fascination to me. *Could it be*. I wondered, *that what is leading them is what is leading me?* Whenever I was with my Christian friends, I would always ask them questions about their faith.

Not since my early years in Greenwich, Connecticut, had racial issues been so much in evidence as when I moved south, though I don't know to this day whether there actually *is* more racism in the South. It may just be more hidden elsewhere. Early on, Lulu (who is dark-skinned) made me aware of differences in *how* racism in the South has been in-

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ternalized by African-Americans. Asked how she felt about living in Atlanta (where she moved a few years after I did), she said, "I have felt more discriminated against by *blacks*, especially light-skinned blacks, down here than I ever did by whites in the North."

An important part of the new world that I stepped into were Ted's five children: Jennie, the youngest, was a student at Georgia State; Beauregard (Beau), the youngest of the three boys, was in his second year at the Citadel in South Carolina; Rhett, the first child from Ted's second marriage, to Janie Smith, was a cameraman with CNN in Tokyo; Teddy, the eldest son from Ted's first marriage, to Judy Nye, was working with a country music cable network; and Laura, the firstborn, ran her own clothing store in Atlanta's fashionable Buckhead district and had just started dating a man with the wonderfully southern name Rutherford—Rutherford Seydel II—whom she would soon marry. I'm glad that I came into Ted's life in time to see two of the children graduate, all of them marry, have babies, and grow into adulthood.

Like their father, they are survivors of complicated childhoods, and I grew to admire and love each of them for how they have coped and matured.

Because of the important role Susan had played in my adolescence, I knew how to be a stepmother, and saw right away that one important thing I could do was help bring Ted closer with the children. The five of them love and admire their father and embrace his values.

Ted embraces differences; he believes in putting his arms around everyone, including people with whom he doesn't agree. He would say to me, "You catch more bees with honey than with vinegar." I watched him practice what he preached and saw people change as a result. I changed as a result. I have met and become friends with conservative Republicans and Christians I would never otherwise have taken the time to get to know; I would thus have missed seeing the common humanity beneath the surface differences.

I'm someone who loves learning new things and facing challenges, and there were plenty of those in the new life I'd chosen. Besides Ted's humor, sex appeal, and intelligence, he was offering me Paradise. Most of our time together, especially in the beginning, was spent on his various properties, riding, fishing, hiking, and exploring. Back then the



*Side by side with President Jimmy Carter at a Habitat for Humanity blitz in Americus, Georgia.
(Julie Lopez/Habitat for Humanity International)*



Janice Crystal took this picture of Ted and me at the Flying D while she and Billy were visiting.

properties numbered five, not counting Atlanta, and just as you start a jigsaw puzzle with the corners and edges, his "starter properties" ranged from his coastal island off South Carolina to Big Sur on the other edge, with Montana at the top. By our third year together, he had begun filling in the middle—two more in Montana, three in the Sand Hills of Nebraska, two in South Dakota, and three in New Mexico, one of which includes an entire mountain range, the Fra Cristobal just to the east of Elephant Butte Reservoir. Vermejo Park Ranch, on the northern border of New Mexico near Raton and overlapping into Colorado, comprises almost 600,000 acres—the largest privately owned, contiguous piece of property in the United States, nearly as large as Rhode Island (it starts in the Rockies and ends in the Great Plains). Besides these, Ted has two spectacular properties in Patagonia and one in Tierra del Fuego, for a total of something in the neighborhood of 1.7 million acres.

Once he got started with his bison, Ted decided to grow his herd for commercial purposes, knowing that this once almost endangered animal would never become more than an exotic trophy species in the United States unless it had market value. To grow a herd, you need to buy more land, and that was the underlying reason for most of his purchases of western ranches. At last count he had thirty-seven thousand head of bison, 10 percent of the entire U.S. herd.

The flagship ranch was and still is the Flying D, the one in Montana I told him not to buy. One afternoon Ted blindfolded me, drove me into the hills, led me out of the car, took off the blindfold, and said, "This is where we'll build our home." He pointed to a valley with a tiny stream running through it. "Right down there I'm going to create a lake that will reflect the Spanish Peaks. It will be our Golden Pond." And that's exactly what he did. He did the lake and I did the house. I wanted us to have at least one home that reflected me, with a ceiling under which no one before me had made love with him.

Hardly a day went by that Ted and I weren't riding over the Flying D's wide expanse of rolling green hills, through forests of aspens and herds of elk, hundreds at a time. By now I had brought my three horses from Laurel Springs Ranch: two Arabians and a palomino. I like riding Arabs—they're hot-blooded, all nerves, heart, and endurance, like Ted. You can feel their spirit under you.

Then there was fly-fishing. The sport is so hard to master; my week at the Orvis Fly Fishing School notwithstanding, I often ended a day in



Left to right: Lois Bonfiglio (my producing partner after Bruce), Paula Weinstein, me, and Becky Fonda—visiting me on the Bar None Ranch.



Troy and Lulu bass fishing at Avalon Plantation.

despair, throwing myself screaming onto the banks. But since Ted was spending an average of a hundred days a year wetting a line, I felt I had to get good at it.

Fly-fishing is endlessly humbling. Every time I thought I'd graduated to the next level, Ted would buy a new ranch with harder-, faster-flowing water and smarter, bigger fish. But I learned why the sport is so important to him: It requires total Zenlike focus, and it is silent. You won't catch much if you don't want to be there or if you have other things on your mind. For Ted—who doesn't handle stress well and is hard of hearing—fly-fishing is a balm. The sport requires you to be fully tuned in to every aspect of the natural world around you: the insects that may (or may not) be rising over the water, the position of the sun, where your shadow is being cast. Then there's the underwater world you have to try to penetrate.

There's something sensual about this world. In his book *Fly Fishing Through the Midlife Crisis*, Howell Raines describes its magic this way: "Imagine that cells scattered throughout the bone marrow—and particularly in the area of the elbows—are having subtle but prolonged orgasms and sending out little neural whispers about these events." Maybe that's why Ted loves the sport so much!

Within a few years Ted had four ranches in Montana within two-hour drives of one another, each offering a different fishing experience. It was not unusual in the summers for us to have breakfast and early morning fishing at one, then drive two hours to another, where we'd have lunch and afternoon fishing, then drive to the third for dinner and evening fishing. My dear friend Karen Averitt, who had run one of my Workout studios in California and then my health spa at Laurel Springs Ranch (and then married Jim, my ranch hand/musician), had now, at my urging, moved with her family to Montana to cook and look after Ted's houses. For those long summer months I marveled at how Karen managed to pack and unpack coolers, load them into her truck, and have the three meals ready in three different places—all in one day. It's still going on, I might add. When Ted and I separated, Karen came to me and said, "Jane, you know I love you and always will, but Ted needs me more." No kidding!

By the way, if you eat at one of Ted's Montana Grills around the

country (which I strongly recommend), you'll see items like Karen's "Flyin' D" Bison Chili on the menu.

Some of the most precious memories I have of my time with Ted are those of the predawn hours, rowing with our dogs out to a duck blind in the ACE Basin of South Carolina, past the falling-down old rice mill and cabins from the days of rice plantations and slavery; waiting in the blind for the sun to come up; listening to the dogs' teeth chatter, partly from cold and partly from excitement; the sounds of the forest coming to life behind us; the gray mists lingering in the tall pines; and the pale pinks and mauves of dawn reflected in the shallow marsh waters. I remember during morning quail hunts in the woods at Avalon how the sun shone through the beads of dew that hung on spiderwebs, turning them into glimmering tiaras and the sulphur butterflies fanning the velvet air and alighting briefly on spires of *lespedeza*; Ted rowing me slowly through the Tai Tai canal through the swamps at Hope Plantation in South Carolina's ACE Basin, where the swampy, brackish water was so dark and still that in my photographs I couldn't tell which was real and which was the reflection of reality; Ted knowing that the orange streak that had just gone by was a summer tanager; Ted knowing where the pair of bald eagles was nesting (he had a pair on every property, it seemed).

It was as though all the critters knew that the land was in the hands of someone who cared about them, so they came. A pair of sandhill cranes made their nest on an island Ted had created in the lake in front of our house on the Flying D Ranch. One morning we woke to a shrill cry and immediately Ted sat up in bed and said, "It's the crane! Her egg has hatched." He was right, and I loved him for his knowing. He knew his animals, especially his birds. No matter which part of the country we were in, Ted could always recognize every bird on the wing—and he knew their mating and nesting habits. He wasn't as conversant in wildflowers, so I decided I would become the expert in that field. I spent our first years together with eyes focused earthward or with my nose in one of my many flower books, picking, pressing, and identifying every new one I found. Within three years I had hundreds of them mounted, some very rare, and as we rode our horses through the ever-changing landscapes I relished being able to identify them for him. I had found a wonderful way to do "my thing" within the context of Ted's life.

Another creative project I took up was photographing his properties. I wanted to become deeply familiar with all of them, so I decided I would try to capture the essence of each one and then create albums called *Homes Sweet Homes* for Ted and each of his children. Within a few years, as the properties began to expand in number, what I thought would be a one-album-per-person job became a five-album-per-person travail.

Every one of my projects caused friction with Ted. He felt abandoned, said it was a way for me to avoid intimacy (he was partly right), and called me a workaholic—while I thought of myself as needing a creative outlet and felt, as Mark Twain once said, that “really a man’s own work is play and not work at all.” I tried hard to understand Ted’s neediness, so I’d reluctantly cut back. But I refused to give up my pastimes entirely, especially since (unbeknownst to him, or to me at the time), I had given up things far more important. Like my voice.

Ted is the only person I know who has had to apologize more than I have. He has apologized to Christians, Catholics, Jews, African-Americans, the antichoice people, and the pope. He’s an equal opportunity offender. He can’t help himself; like a child, he often seems at the mercy of his impulses. It’s a rare occurrence when something enters his head that doesn’t come out of his mouth.

Like the time he was making a very important appearance at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C. Time Warner was represented on the Turner board of directors and was preventing Ted from buying a major broadcast network to add to his cable empire, and he felt this would keep him from competing with other media conglomerates like Rupert Murdoch’s News Corp, Disney, and Viacom. At the same time he was in major negotiations on a TBS merger with Time Warner: One false move and everything could fall apart. I was too nervous to sleep the night before. Not Ted. As usual, he hadn’t prepared and had made no notes; but like his hero Alexander the Great, he always slept well on the eve of battle.

On the day of the speech all the journalists who packed the hall were aware that it was a precarious time. So imagine their shock (and mine) when in the midst of the speech he said, “Millions of women have their clitorises cut off before they are ten or twelve years old, so they can’t have fun in sex. . . . Between fifty percent and eighty percent of Egyptian girls have their clits cut off. . . . Talk about barbaric mutilation . . . I’m

being clitorized by Time Warner.” Some people laughed; others were too stunned. Many looked over at me. I simply slid down in my seat. *Hey, it wasn’t my idea.*

Several years later Ted would give an unprecedented \$1 billion to establish the United Nations Foundation. Over the years many large grants from the foundation have gone to stop FGM (female genital mutilation). You can’t say he doesn’t put his money where his mouth is.

Certainly the most public part of my new life with Ted was our attendance at the Braves games. In the fall of 1991, right before we got married, the Atlanta Braves played in their first World Series. I can’t remember ever being on such a protracted adrenaline high or so superstitious: If I had a Band-Aid on my index finger during a winning game, I’d make sure it was there for the next one. Same with underwear, earrings, and caps. I began a personal collection of winning Braves caps that people gave me, and for the Braves’ victorious 1995 World Series, I was wearing my all-time good-luck black-and-white coat made from bison hair. Plenty of things he’d done in his life justified his celebrity, but none guaranteed Ted’s standing as folk hero to Atlantans like his having stuck with the Braves and brought home a winner.

During the first year of our going steady, besides traveling with the team during baseball season, we crisscrossed the globe constantly, visiting the Soviet Union, Europe, Asia, and Greece as Ted’s various undertakings demanded his presence. I had been in many of the places before and had had my own experiences there, but being on the arm of Ted Turner made it different. With a few noticeable exceptions the spotlight was always on him. He was the one who did the speaking and was feted and celebrated, and although people at CNN used to say that I was the first woman in Ted’s life who had a talking role, it was definitely a supporting one. Sometimes I would feel invisible and frustrated, as when he would give a speech about something that was important to both of us without having prepared and would, in my opinion, end up rambling.

Occasionally, though, the tables were turned, like the time we met with President Mikhail Gorbachev in his office in the Kremlin. During

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the half hour the three of us spent together, the president spent a good chunk of our time talking to me. As we left Ted whispered, "You know, that was a very unusual situation for me."

"It's not easy, is it?" I replied. "I know. I feel like a tagalong all the time these days and I'm not used to it, either. I'm willing to settle into this new role, but it must be hard when it happens to you, too."

Fortunately we were getting better at talking about our feelings, so instead of pouting or pretending it hadn't happened, Ted was able to regale listeners with the story of how he had spent twenty-eight minutes staring at Gorbachev's back.

I was learning a valuable lesson: When you confront problems and work them through, what might have been a rupture becomes stronger at the broken place. It is analogous to bodybuilding: When you lift weights to build muscle, you cause microscopic tears to occur in the muscle tissue, and when the tears heal (it takes forty-eight hours) the torn places become stronger. Still, much of me remained a handmaiden to my insecurities. My long-standing fear of not being good enough kept me feeling that if he knew me fully, he couldn't possibly love me. What this meant was that I was willing to forfeit *my* authenticity to be in a relationship with *him*.

Often at business receptions I would stand silently by Ted's side, listening to men in the highest echelons of power discuss how much better things were in, say, Brazil or some other less-developed country I had visited, and I would think, Haven't they seen the favelas? The slums? People see what they need and want to see. I realized that these men, these makers of policy, designers of structural adjustments, and rationalizers for conflict, cannot allow themselves to see any consequences of their policies that might shake their certainty that they are doing the right thing. The bar girls, the boys and girls who prostitute themselves to feed their families, the women who earn \$1 a day in U.S. maquiladoras in Mexico, the desperate gangs of youth, the garbage pickers, the displaced farmers—these brutal realities pass under the radar of liberal academe, of the economists and social scientists who sip their champagne and praise themselves about the great job they've done in Central and South America, or wherever.

Were it not for Ted, I wouldn't have been at such gatherings. They gave me indigestion. But because they involved Ted's businesses I never felt I could say, "But people have been really harmed by those policies you



Ted getting carried away during "Auld Lang Syne" at the start of a Braves game. Left to right: Nancy McGuirk, Ted, me, President Carter, Jennie Turner, over the president's shoulder, and Rosalynn Carter with her back turned.
(AP/Wide World Photos)



1995 in San Francisco at the State of the World Forum with President Mikhail and Raisa Gorbachev.

are praising. Don't you see that?" Afterward I would often tell Ted about my discomfort, but he would never fully engage. There's a Horatio Alger side to Ted: *Anyone can pull themselves up by their own bootstraps* (making those who don't feel that it's their own fault). I think it pains him too deeply to countenance the possibility that while there are Horatio Alger-type successes in the United States, they aren't frequent enough to matter. Structural inequities are too ingrained and too invisible.

While traveling the world with Ted, I realized the historic importance of what he had done, how his revolutionary vision for twenty-four-hour news had transformed the planet into Marshall McLuhan's global village and changed news reporting forever—rather remarkable for a man who hadn't liked watching the news because he found it depressing. I learned that all the big news companies had researched whether or not a twenty-four-hour news channel would work. Their research said it wouldn't. As usual, Ted plunged ahead, sans polls or research, relying only on instinct.

It amazed me how in America people bemoaned television as a passive medium for so long, yet when a swashbuckler from Atlanta—a romantic renegade with a global vision—turned the passive medium into a more democratic and empowering one, people had difficulty with it. We forget how it was at the beginning with CNN. Maybe it was easier for audiences when news was predigested and all the seeds and stems were disposed of; maybe having news as raw material made them work too hard.

It's strangely analogous to what I had seen happening in Eastern Europe in 1990 when I visited there right after the fall of the Berlin Wall and after the Velvet Revolution in Czechoslovakia. Under the Communist system, people had had everything decided for them by the government- and by state-run institutions, and when the possibility of democracy came along, forcing them to participate and make choices, they didn't have such an easy time adjusting. I remember meeting a lyricist in Prague who said to me, "I've spent my life writing words for people who have grown adept at reading between the lines. Now we can write clearly and I'm not sure I know how."

When Desert Storm, the first Gulf War, began in 1991, Ted's dreams for world peace received a blow. He got physically sick. Like so many Ameri-

cans, both of us had hoped that the winding down of the cold war would see a commensurate cutting of the military budget, freeing up funds for domestic and peacetime needs. It was a sad time, yet it was exciting to watch Ted's responses to crises.

Tom Johnson, former publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, had just become president of CNN. The second day he was on the job, we were at the Flying D when Tom phoned from Atlanta to say that he had just gotten three calls—from President George H. W. Bush, Joint Chiefs of Staff chairman Colin Powell, and press secretary Marlin Fitzwater—asking him to order the CNN reporters out of Baghdad "immediately." It was clear, Tom went on, that Operation Desert Storm was about to begin. From what he had been told, Tom was convinced that Bernard Shaw, John Holliman, and Peter Arnett were in imminent danger, and he wanted them out. He explained what he knew to Ted, who replied, "Tom, those who want to stay [in Baghdad] will stay. Those who want to come out can come out." Then, shouting into the phone, he said, "Tom, you will not overturn me on this, pal. You understand me? I will take complete responsibility for this decision. If they die, it will be on my conscience, not yours." Ted and Tom had to resist very strong pressure from Washington, but if Peter Arnett had not stayed in Baghdad, the alternate (and real) view of the war—which represented a total revolution in TV war coverage and was certainly the defining moment for CNN—would never have occurred.

This gave me a bird's-eye view of how good Ted is in tough times. He has an easy, confident feel for when and how much to risk. It's not that he's unafraid. The bravest soldiers aren't unafraid, but they're the ones who are able to harness their fear on behalf of courage. In the years that I was with him, I saw numerous circumstances when Ted was able to mobilize courage, weigh priorities, and then make the winning decision. He's often played it close to the edge. I guess it's similar to sailing close to the wind. I wasn't with Ted when he sailed competitively, but I'm told that whenever he'd take the helm he'd find a way to go just a little faster, cut it a little closer, although his competitors were hours (or even days) behind him.

"Hope for the best and prepare for the worst" is a homily very much at the center of how Ted lives his life. It's why he would have made a great

general. His troops would have followed him into any battle, as his sailing crews did, because they would know that no *foolish* risks would be taken; everything would have been thought through, every option weighed, and he would never ask his men to do something that he himself wasn't willing to do. I think that it was his studies of the classics, which teach clear, strategic thinking; his familiarity with the major battles of history; and his competitive sailing that honed these skills so finely. Ted was a sailor of large boats. This is important. Smaller boats require brawn. Big boats require brains: knowing how to build a winning team and how to empower them; how to envision all the things that could happen and to be prepared for any eventuality.

When his company merged with Time Warner in 1995, I watched Ted begin to create an alternate life for himself. He had already started down that path, but now he was far more intentional about building his bison herd, increasing his landholdings and his philanthropy, and not wanting his future to be totally circumscribed by Turner Broadcasting in the event that his new boss, Gerald Levin, decided to drive him out of his own company. When his worst fears materialized, everything was already in place for him to be a full-time rancher, philanthropist, and restaurateur. Ted's Montana Grill, where his bison meat is the star attraction, is providing this entrepreneur with a whole new arena in which to work his magic.

What I *didn't* anticipate was how Ted's "hope for the best, prepare for the worst" dictum could apply to our marriage. That would come later. Seven years later, to be exact.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

A CALLING

Where we had thought to travel outward, we shall come to the center of our own existence; where we had thought to be alone, we shall be with all the world.

—JOSEPH CAMPBELL,
Hero with a Thousand Faces

Any single path truly taken leads to all the others. Even then, you will find that outward and inward become the same direction. The center of the wheel is everywhere.

—ROBIN MORGAN,
The Burning Time

I STARTED BECAUSE I wanted to be a responsible trustee of Ted's family foundation. It resulted in my discovering my calling.

I had been with Ted only a short time when he decided to create the Turner Foundation and focus its grant making on protecting the environment and reducing population growth: Growing numbers of people on a small planet with finite resources spells trouble, not just for the environment but for the human species as well, since a healthy environment is our life support system.

While I understood environmental issues, the population part was a little fuzzy—not the *reason* it is a problem, but what to *do* about it. Whenever he spoke publicly (and privately), Ted hammered away relentlessly about how population growth was the central problem of our time. He

would recite statistics: 840 million people go hungry every night and 2 billion are chronically malnourished; 1 billion people try to live on less than \$1 a day and another billion on less than \$2; more than 2 billion people lack basic sanitation; 1 billion do not have access to clean water, adequate housing, or rudimentary health care. This was his mantra.

Often, when I had pounded away about an issue, the press would label me strident and shrill. "Nag, Nag, Nag" was the title of one *Life* magazine article about me. Ted, it seemed, was simply considered "passionate." He was, and is, and his passion led me to study the issue of population in earnest to try to figure out a strategy. As I delved deeper I saw that population growth was a more complicated and divisive issue than I had realized: On the one extreme were those who thought the problem was not the number of human beings but inequitable distribution of resources; there were those who believed that technological breakthroughs would mitigate against growth in population; there were those who were concerned because they foresaw a world where people of color would dominate white people; and there were those who approached the issue solely from an environmental standpoint and favored setting quotas. I was confused by the argument from feminist groups that the population problem was, at its core, a gender issue. To be honest, in my heart of hearts I still saw gender issues as a distraction. All this was about to change.

It was 1994. I was asked to be a goodwill ambassador to the United Nations Population Fund (UNFPA) and to speak at the upcoming Conference on Population and Development in Cairo, Egypt. The challenge gave me an impetus for studying harder. I had never participated in a United Nations conference before, although two years before, I had gone to the Earth Summit in Rio with Ted. There I saw that women attendees had been relegated to the beachfront, where all the nongovernmental organizations (NGOs) were holding a separate People's Forum far away from the official conference (where the "real work" was being done). Apparently women, like NGOs, were viewed as a "special interest group" with no real place at the table. Within the year I would come to believe that women are not factions, afterthoughts, or an ancillary issue to be addressed after everything else is taken care of. Women *are* the issue—the *core* issue. They are the majority of humanity, whose rights are *human rights*. An attempt to solve *any* problem—poverty, peace, sustainable development, environment, health—by making an end run around women will fail.

Bella Abzug was there on the beach in Rio and under her phenomenal leadership women had begun to study how the UN works, where the institutional cracks and crevices are and how we might widen them and next time get inside, where we belong.

"Next time" was the Cairo conference at which I was speaking, and its purpose was to figure out how to stabilize population growth to enable sustainable development (economic progress that doesn't destroy the ecosystem). The previous population conferences (they take place every ten years) had resulted in plans of action written mostly by men and had focused on contraception (or the *withholding* of it—then, as now, ideology took precedence over evidence) and setting quotas. This time would be different.

Bill Clinton was president; Bella was on the official delegation, not simply at the NGO forum. Thanks in large part to Bella, former Colorado senator Tim Wirth (now president of Ted's United Nations Foundation), and other powerful organizers and advocates, the United States had a strong and determined contingent. This time women were *at* the table, actually drafting the plan of action. For them, population growth was not just a demographic issue or simply a health issue. These were frontline workers, experiential experts (as women usually are). No one knew better than they why the number of humans was climbing, and what to do about it.

The conference halls were filled to overflowing with women from around the world, striking and proud in their colorful robes, saris, and tunics. They were Buddhist, Catholic, Hindu, Muslim, black, brown, red, yellow, white. This was my first time on my own at one of these international gatherings, and I felt both exhilarated and intimidated.

But as I went from workshop to workshop and listened to the speakers, a new understanding washed over me. Gender was not the "distracting feminist issue" I had thought. It was the very crux of the matter. It was, in fact, the conceptual framework of the entire conference. Here, essentially, is what I was discovering: If you want to eradicate poverty, stabilize population growth, and create sustainable development, you—the World Bank, International Monetary Fund, Agency for International Development, and all other governmental and nongovernmental agencies—have to view everything through a gender lens. Does your project help women and girls? Does it make their lives easier? Does it empower

them? Is your structural adjustment scheme going to make it harder for women to get loans to start their own businesses? Is your proposed dam going to make it harder for girls to fetch water for their families? Because everywhere in the so-called developing world, also known as the Global South, it is women and girls who plant the seeds, till the land, harvest the crops, fetch the water, cook the food, tend the livestock, bear the children, take charge of the family's health, find money for school fees, and spend whatever pennies they can scrape up on the family's well-being. They are already stretched to their human limits and beyond. Make it worse for them and *everything* gets worse. Make it easier for them and virtually everything important in the family environment—education, income, community stability, and health—gets better.

I learned that if you want to reduce population growth, you have to increase the supply of contraceptives, but that this must be done in a culturally sensitive, nonjudgmental manner, and women must be offered a *choice* of methods. But more is needed. In some countries, if a woman tries to use contraception, she risks being beaten by her partner. In some cultures she needs all the children she can bear in order to have any status at all or to have enough hands to do the needed work. So if you want to *really* reduce population growth, *try educating girls*. Educated girls marry later, want smaller families, have more power within their marriages to bargain for the use of contraceptives, and practice child spacing. Try helping girls and women start businesses, become wage earners, access financial resources, be recognized and engaged as citizens. Such investments yield great benefits to the individual girls but also give girls a vision of their lives apart from simply marriage and rapid childbearing.

The conference had a special focus on adolescent reproductive health and sexuality. Girls, I discovered, are the strategic focus for reducing world population growth. The earlier a girl begins having children, the more children she will have during her childbearing years and the more generations are compacted. Adolescent pregnancy was of special interest to me because Georgia had the highest rate in the United States.

To do something about this, I learned, meant changing the way things were done. This is never easy. Family-planning clinics often exclude adolescents, formally or informally, through inconvenient hours, the high cost of services, and government- or state-mandated absence of confidentiality. Young people need time to develop trust with a potential

service provider. They have lots of questions about feelings and about how to know when a relationship is right. Answering them takes time and attention and sensitivity. I remembered all too well my own positive first experience with a gynecologist and how different my life might have been had that *not* been the case. If young women feel judged by someone on a clinic staff or they are frightened at the prospect of a pelvic exam, they might not come back.

As I listened to the conference speakers, suddenly the "Just Say No" mantra of conservatives back home seemed so simplistic. The problem, I could see, wasn't the "no" part of it—it was the "just." It ignores the complex reasons that many women and girls have no choice about when they engage in sex (because of rape, early sexual abuse, low self-esteem, or economic considerations). "Just" makes it seem so easy, so black-and-white.

During the conference I wasn't just discovering strategies to reduce population growth; I began to see that my own experiences—of vulnerability to pressure from men around *their* sexual pleasure, around acquiescence and needing to be "acceptable"—were universal issues for women: in "developed" as well as "developing" countries! I kept thinking, If I am vulnerable to these pressures and fears, how can poor women—with little or no legal recourse, social status, financial independence, education, and knowledge of human rights—possibly stand up and say, "Sorry, I don't want any more children and I intend to use contraception"?

Then came a serendipitous experience that brought it all together, allowing me to see in practice the layered approach needed to bring girls hope and reduce early parenthood. I was taken to visit a community of impoverished Coptic Christians, the Zabaleen (garbage collectors) people of the Mokattam community, deep in the heart of Cairo at the bottom of a rock quarry. With me were my stepson Rhett Turner and Peter Ba-houth, then executive director of the Turner Foundation. We had come to see a project funded by the Egyptian government, several NGOs, and the World Bank that was transforming the lives of the girls in the community through education, employment, and delayed childbirth. As we entered the community, we saw garbage-filled wagons with very young children sitting on them. Directly at the center of the community was a yawning compost pit perhaps sixty feet deep and more than half a football stadium long filled with garbage and pig excrement, which was

composted. When the car door opened I was assaulted by a stench thicker and more unbearable than anything I could have imagined. I had to force myself out of the car and had to breathe through my mouth just to keep from getting sick. I could not believe that people lived their whole lives breathing this air.

Marie Assaad, a Catholic sister who chairs the Mokattam Committee for Health and Development, greeted us, and as we walked with her she pointed out the "homes" people lived in—dark, doorless structures with dirt floors, and garbage piled high in some places.

"It's hard to see all the way through to the back," Sister Marie explained, "but that's where each family keeps its pigs. The pigs eat much of the garbage, and then the excrement is taken and dumped into that pit you see over there, where it composts and is sold as fertilizer."

Children, mostly older girls, were sorting through the garbage, removing anything that wouldn't compost, and setting aside all paper materials for recycling. Marie Assaad told us that during part of the day some of the boys attended school but that until the project we'd come to visit had been started, girls never did. "There is no reason for parents to invest in the education of their daughters," Marie told us, and she went on to explain that girls are used, as their mothers were before them, as servants—to sort garbage, take care of siblings, cook food. Though responsible in large part for the family's health needs, they can't read prescriptions the doctor might give them and aren't accustomed to discussing things with (male) doctors.

When girls enter puberty they are married, frequently earlier than Egyptian law permits (age sixteen). A girl may be married off to someone she didn't choose or to someone many years older who may have numerous partners, putting the girl at risk of HIV/AIDS. Once married, a girl moves to her husband's house to work as a servant for her mother-in-law and other older women in the new household.

Girls marry, leave home, and begin having babies sometimes right after menarche. Boys marry and bring a new wife (fresh labor) into the family. This was why parents invested in sons but not daughters. And this was how the crippling cycle of deeply ingrained gender bias got repeated generation after generation, driving up fertility rates and poor health.

But, slowly, things were changing. We entered a small new school poised on the edge of the compost pit. There I saw girls as well as boys sit-

ting at desks, studying. Sister Marie explained that to counter the historic parental resistance to sending girls to school, the organizers had taken a more holistic approach—education and salaried work. She then led us to a concrete building on the side of a hill. The rooms were filled with huge looms, sewing machines, and paper-pressing machines. In contrast with the rest of the community, everything here was very clean. The girls were using recycled paper from the garbage and making it into stationery and cards that they embroidered and sold. Other girls were at looms, weaving recycled bits of fabric into rugs. In another room girls sat around a table sorting pieces of colored fabric, leftovers donated by Cairo's textile shops. They were cutting them into squares, rectangles, triangles, applying what they'd learned in the school—math, fractions—to create symmetrical designs they sewed into beautiful quilts. While they worked they were taught health concepts, including reproductive health, contraception, and the dangers of early marriage and closely spaced births. Some of them were also trained as health outreach workers.

Marie Assaad told us that up to one-sixth of the girls in the community were engaged in these income-generating projects, which paid them (at the time) roughly \$17 a month. It may be hard for us to imagine that \$17 could be profoundly transformative, but this is the effect it had. Girls had achieved a goal, on their own, and had been rewarded for it; their sense of self was changed: "I *am* somebody." They could read. They could earn. They could, just maybe, break out of the cycle of servitude and despair.

Mothers and fathers began to view their girls in a new way. Now that the girls had developed income-generating skills, there was less resistance to educating them. Smart enough to read and to earn, they were becoming valuable assets. Mothers often identified with their daughters' new pride in themselves.

Family health had begun to improve as girls learned to read and grew less timid about moving about in public spaces, seeking information and services, talking with doctors. Another innovative part of this program was the creation of rewards to girls for delaying marriage, which gave them leverage and bargaining power with their families. Girls were offered 500 Egyptian pounds (\$80) if they waited until after the age of eighteen and it was known that the marriage was freely chosen.

The example of Mokattam proved to me in the most human terms that in poor countries, if you changed the lives of girls by educating them and allowing them the opportunity to become wage earners, to participate in public life, it meant a twofold gain: You expanded human capital while simultaneously improving reproductive health and slowing population growth. Giving girls the chance to delay marriage until a later age meant that they postponed the first child's birth, resulting in a smaller family overall.

The Cairo conference was a turning point for me. I returned to Atlanta pondering how I could apply what I had learned.

When Ted was preoccupied with business and wouldn't mind my absence, Peter Bahouth and I traveled to different parts of the state to meet with America's frontline workers and to examine the realities of adolescent life at home. Although far less severe, adolescent girls (especially poor girls) in Georgia have things in common with the girls in Mokattam: limited identities apart from their sexuality; no bright future to motivate them to remain pregnancy-free and in school. There are high rates of child sexual abuse and domestic violence and few job opportunities.

I will never forget the day I was touring the maternity ward of a small county hospital near Albany, Georgia, and was taken to a cubicle where a fourteen-year-old girl was in labor with her second child. Before I went in the nurse told me that the girl lived in a shack with no indoor plumbing. I looked down into her dark, expressionless eyes, which were looking straight at me. I prayed she saw no judgment in mine. I wish I had kissed her. She needed someone to take her in their arms and not let go for about twenty years. I wondered if anyone ever had, except for during sex. What could "Just Say No" mean to this girl? It was right about then that I read a quote from Marian Wright Edelman, founder and president of the Children's Defense Fund: "Hope is the best contraceptive." That was when I understood that those fifteen years of the Laurel Springs children's camp, along with what my daughter Lulu had taught me, had provided me with an experiential foundation for understanding what young people need in order to grow up healthy and productive. The Cairo conference had provided the conceptual framework.

I believe Ted and I made a unique and potent duo in the arena of population stabilization. We complemented each other perfectly. We made it better: he with his passionate, contagious, macro vision of the problem, his money, and his generosity; and I with my micro, on-the-



Standing before a quilt made by girls in the Mokattam community—part of the nonprofit development project I visited while in Cairo, Egypt, at the UN Conference on Population and Development.

(Rhett Turner)

*To Love - who brings into the
a caring heart and discipline to the
must be veritable people
as the great adventure and the*



At the 1996 UN Women's Conference in Beijing, China. Left to right, standing: Tim Wirth, Barbara Pule, Donna Shalala, Geraldine Ferraro.

ground, hands-on view (what specific factors cause individual women in different cultures to have large families). Both views are needed, but evidence shows that unless we address women's and girls' specific realities and to deliver high-quality services in a respectful, sensitive manner, all the contraception in the world won't make enough of a difference.

The following year, 1995, I founded the Georgia Campaign for Adolescent Pregnancy Prevention (G-CAPP) with the help and generous ongoing support of the Turner family and its foundation. Laura Turner Seydel in particular has been tremendous in helping fund-raise for G-CAPP. All the Turners have embraced this effort. While the organization's strategies have evolved, what I learned at the Cairo conference remains at its heart: a holistic approach that addresses "above-the-waist" issues—*hope*—as much as or more than the traditional "below-the-waist" ones.

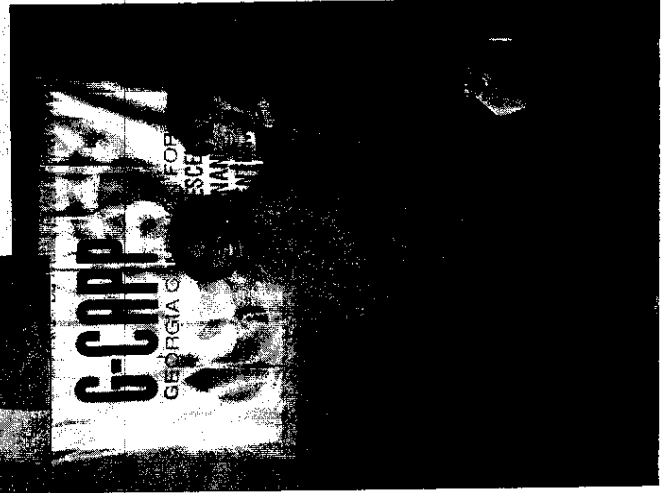
The Georgia Campaign for Adolescent Pregnancy Prevention has been active in Georgia for ten years, and each year we have probed deeper into the lives of adolescents to discover what factors impel them to have babies when they are not yet *themselves*. We have learned that small things—like being rocked, held, and gazed at—can enable a child to remain resilient even in the face of unspeakable abuse and neglect. I learned from Lulu and Leni that a child who has received this kind of nurture will, as an adolescent, be less likely to become a parent too soon. That's why G-CAPP works with pregnant young women and mothers to assure they will know how to do this. I know from my own mothering experience that these skills don't always come naturally but that they can be learned.

Child sexual abuse, we have learned, is very much connected to adolescent pregnancy and parenthood. That is one reason G-CAPP and the Jane Fonda Center at the Emory University School of Medicine, which opened in 2001, work with emergency room doctors and nurses, pediatricians, juvenile court justices, and mental health experts to enable more frontline workers to identify and learn how to get appropriate treatment for sexual abuse. Studies have estimated that one out of four American females has been sexually abused. Four in ten women who have sex before age fifteen report that their first sexual experience was coerced. Sexual abuse survivors often begin voluntary sexual relationships earlier and are more likely to become pregnant before the age of eighteen. One study found that one-half to two-thirds of pregnant teens reported sexual abuse histories.



Friends come to Atlanta to support the work of G-CAPP. Here are Dolly, Lily, and me. (Erik S. Lesser/Getty Images)

The following year Bob Redford and Peter came to help. (© 2004 Ashley Walsh)



In 2000, Oprah was our knock-'em-dead keynote speaker at G-CAPP's annual conference. (Mark Randelle King/Millennium Entertainment, Inc.)

Sexual abuse is more than physical: It is a form of brainwashing. The message emblazoned on the mind of an abuse victim is that her only worth is her sex, that her body doesn't belong to her, that saying no means nothing. She is stricken with what Oprah Winfrey, herself a victim of abuse, calls the "disease to please." Sexual abuse eradicates the very skills that are needed for girls to protect themselves from pregnancy, STDs, and HIV/AIDS. Knowing my mother's history with abuse, I found that this knowledge helped me immeasurably to understand and forgive her—and to want to help others heal. And, naturally, I also feel great passion for the work I do now because these issues have been at the center of my own life.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

YEARNINGS

*Being unfaithful is like the outside of a fruit peeling.
It's dry and bitter because it's facing away from the center.
Being faithful is like the inside of the peeling,
wet and sweet. But the place for peelings
is the fire. The real inside is beyond "sweet"
and "bitter." It's the source of deliciousness.*

—RUMI

I YEARNED FOR the "source of deliciousness," in Rumi's words, which for me means emotional intimacy and soul connection. We got there on occasion, Ted and I (I remember each time vividly, when he would look deeply into my eyes and I felt we were truly connecting), and sometimes when that happened I swear he'd get scared. It was as though emotional intimacy (as opposed to needy longings) had to be kept in check. Still, there were the lovemaking times when we would lock eyes and melt into one. There were the times when something would set us to laughing so hard we'd sink to the floor, like the night when our guffaws collapsed us at the foot of the *Gone with the Wind* staircase at his Avalon plantation and we had to crawl up to bed on hands and knees.

We had been going steady for almost two years when in 1991 we got married at Avalon on my fifty-fourth, winter solstice, birthday. Troy gave me away, and Vanessa was maid of honor.

A week later Ted was *Time* magazine's Person of the Year.

A month later I discovered he was sleeping with someone else.

Life had taught me that men, at least those I tended to go for, operate by the *Fornicato, ergo sum* (I f—, therefore I exist) principle, but since

there'd been plenty of Versailles moments of lovemaking with Ted and me. I'd rarely be away from him for more than a few hours, and since I knew he loved me, why?

The discovery was pure fluke. I was sitting in our car in the motor lobby of the CNN Center waiting to go to the airport with him. I saw a woman step up to valet parking. I'd seen her from behind, walking into the hotel two hours earlier. This time I saw her face and realized I knew her, but when I called out her name, she foolishly hid behind a pillar. I knew. In my gut, I knew. I called Ted's office on the car phone, and when his assistant, Dee Woods, answered I put it to her straight: "He pulled a nooner today, didn't he." (This was Ted's term for lunchtime dalliances.) She stammered and denied it (probably thinking, Hey, Fonda, didn't I warn you?). She told me Ted was on his way down to meet me.

I remember sitting there, my heart pounding, my mind imploding. Ted was ashen when he got into the car, behind the wheel. That's when I began hitting him about the head and shoulders with the car phone. Simultaneously, part of me was thinking that I'd never seen anyone do this in a movie and what a good scene it would make. (Is it only actors who think this way?) Then I poured my water bottle over his head and, crying and shaking, said, "I sure hope it was a great f——, because you just blew it with me. I'm outta here." Hitting someone is not my style. But it also occurred to me that I'd never cared enough before to express this kind of balls-out rage. "Why did you do it? Haven't things been great with us?"

He stopped at a red light and put his face into his hands. "Yes. Yes. I love you madly and our sex is great. I don't know. I guess it's . . . it's like a tic"—that's actually the word he used—"something I've gotten used to doing. I've always needed a backup in case something happens between us." *Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst.*

"Well, you've succeeded in making sure something would happen and now you'll be stuck with your backup. I hope you're happy."

That evening I flew to Los Angeles, booked myself into the always calming Hotel Bel-Air, and holed up there for two weeks, telling no one where I was except Leni, the woman who had taught me the Workout and who had become my friend. Leni was Ted's gym trainer when we were in California. She knew him, and given her street smarts I intuited that she would be the one to best midwife me through the anguish, which was just what she did. She would come to my room every day, sit

by the bed, give me hard Coffee Nips candies ("They're comforting"), and hold my hand while I cried and kvetched.

Ted suspected that Leni would know where I was and kept calling her, asking her to convince me to take him back. For two weeks I was determined that it was over. Then one day Leni came to my hotel room and said, "Think about it, Jane. If you don't give him a second chance, someday you may see him happy, with another woman on his arm, and you'll always wonder if that woman could have been you. He really wants you back. He says he'll do anything."

I called my former therapist (who was retired by then) and she recommended the people who had trained her, Beverly Kitaen Morse and Jack Rosenberg, who work with couples. I immediately made an appointment with them for a few days hence and asked Leni to arrange for Ted to come to Los Angeles and meet me in her apartment.

He flew from Atlanta the next day and came crawling into her living room on bended knee (which wasn't saying much, since this was his supplicant gesture of choice whenever he had apologies to make, often combined with kissing of shoe and/or head in hands).

"Oh, get up, for heaven's sake," I said. "You look foolish and I know that doesn't mean anything anyway. Half your business associates have seen you in that position at one time or another." I then told him I would give him another chance on three conditions: that he would never betray me again, would never see the woman again, and would go into counseling with me. He agreed to all of it, and the next day we spent six consecutive, life-altering hours with Jack and Beverly and continued to see them off and on for eight years whenever we were in Los Angeles. *Make it better.*

For seven of those years (there's that seven again) Ted kept his promise and never betrayed my trust, never went behind my back to exercise his "tic" (except for our last nine months together, when he sensed the marriage was doomed and was looking for a substitute). In fact, the day came when he said to someone who had heaped praise on him for something he'd done, "Stop, you're being too monogamous."

"Ted," I said, "don't you mean 'magnanimous'?"

"Oh, yes," he replied proudly. "I didn't use to be able to say the word *monogamous* at all, but now I use it so much, I say it by mistake. Pretty cute, huh?"

Before this early crisis in our relationship, I would feel Ted leave me

energetically if an especially inviting woman came around. At those moments I would imagine the testosterone washing through his frontal lobe and obliterating all else. After the crisis, I swear I could feel his antennae retracting.

Over the years, Ted and I were given many tools that helped smooth things out in our relationship. We developed better communication skills; we learned the importance of "skin time"—when we would lie together quietly, skin to skin, and have it not be about performing. I discovered that Ted abhorred being presented with facts accomplis, so I tried vigilantly to avoid presenting them. But, sadly, I learned that this was easier said than done. It was easy to consult and discuss things before doing them when the things were relatively insignificant and external, like moving a painting, changing dinnertime, buying a new saddle. But when later in the marriage they were decisions of critical importance to me—having to do with spiritual faith or with spending time with Vanessa when she was about to give birth—I would simply arrange to do what I felt I needed to do. I was accustomed to not having my feelings and needs respected by the men in my life, and I feared that if I opened up such decisions for discussion, I would be bullied out of them or they would be denied me outright—or love would be taken away. (As it turned out, my fears were well-founded.) Those times were very infrequent, but they ended up playing a role in the dissolution of our marriage.

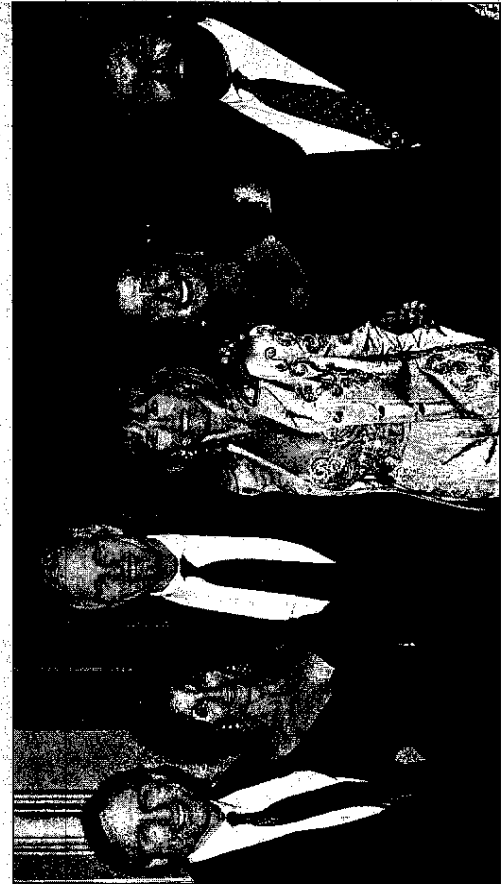
While it was Ted's dalliance that brought us into the therapists' offices, I decided that in addition to our couples counseling, I wanted to work separately on my own issues. I sensed that my relationship with Ted, with all its challenges, was my opportunity to heal, and because I so wanted the marriage to work, I was willing to do the needed work on myself. Ted never did the same. Still, given how he was raised, it is extraordinary that he was willing to do as much as he did.

For those of us who harbor old ghosts (doesn't everybody?), it is in our relationships that they surface, and then we are confronted with a choice: Either we learn to manage the ghosts or we settle for distance or instability. Some can learn the managing part on their own; some, like me, need the help of a trained professional to put the pieces back together.

I believe that the moment I met Ted, I intuited that this man was the one my heart could finally, fully, open to. I thought that all the elements were there for the kind of deep soul-to-soul love that I had never really



On the steps of Avalon Plantation just after the wedding.
(© Barbara Pyle)



Our Hollywood wedding party given for us by (left to right) Barry and Carolee Hirsch and Paula Weinstein and her husband, Mark Rosenberg.

had with anyone before. Ironically, this was why I fled from him at first and was so skittish when we started going together: I was frightened of the vulnerability that comes with the heart's opening and was scared of being hurt and steamrolled. With Ted I was determined to put this fear behind me. I wanted us to be two fully authentic people meeting in mutual affection, communication, affirmation, and respect—and I assumed that's what he wanted as well. After all, he was constantly talking about wanting intimacy and reminding me that I was afraid of it. It never occurred to me that he was too . . . well, not afraid of it so much as incapable of it.

The crisis with Ted was actually a blessing, because it had brought me to Beverly Morse, who turned out to be the perfect guide for the next part of my journey to . . . what shall I call it? Wholeness. Heartfulness. Authenticity. Integration? I had been living for so long in my head. What was essential for me now was to get back into my body, where I hadn't been since adolescence—to be reembodied. I have discovered that there are different degrees of embodiment, and certainly, with Ted's love, I made major forays in that direction. But Beverly's method of using breathing techniques and bodywork—"somatic therapy"—look me to a deeper level. Over the years, with her help and a lot of hard work on my part, I was able to gain confidence. I learned to forgive my mother and so was able to forgive myself for my shortcomings; to know that I had done the best I could with what I had at any given time, just as my mother had; that I was no longer the woman with little love to give. I was learning to love myself. Baby steps at first, a beginning.

When I look back now over the landscape of my ten years with Ted, on the one hand I am struck by how happy I was much of the time, growing stronger and more confident every year. In part this was due to the personal work I was doing on myself, and in part it was because of the positive, centering role I knew I played in Ted's life. Yet alongside this, behind the closed doors of the most intimate parts of our relationship, I still deafened myself to the signals from my body telling me how *not*-good I felt about many things he did that hurt me and about things I agreed to do to please him even if it went against my own well-being. I would drink to get numb and stuff my feelings in order to be sure Ted felt good. I would accommodate his needs (even when he didn't ask me directly) out of fear of not being loved. I thought I had gotten over this "disease to please" with the ending of my marriage to Vadim. And,

again, when the marriage to Tom ended, I thought, Well, I'll never do *that* again. But this burying, this betraying, of myself was such an ingrained part of my *modus operandi* that in each new relationship I repeated the pattern, managed hardly to notice, and convinced myself that somehow the problems would just fade away. Besides, life with Ted was full and interesting, and denial was relatively easy.

I tried my best to understand and comply with his need to fill empty spaces with movement, activity, or the planning thereof. After all, it wasn't as if I were a stay-at-home slouch myself. Actually we were rather well-balanced when it came to levels of energy. I still loved winging back and forth among his beautiful properties and being privy to the exciting events that swirled around us. I knew that together we were making a difference. I still found myself smiling when I heard him coming through the door. There were still times of rapture and melting. But the rigidity of our schedules and the constant moving had begun to empty me out.

We would no sooner arrive and settle into one of the Nebraska ranches, for example, than two days later we'd be off to the next one. Every time we'd walk into a new place, Ted would kiss me and say, "Welcome home," a ritual that I found charming. And God knows I worked hard to make every place feel like home. But I felt homeless. Homeless with twenty houses—*weird*. When saleswomen would ask if the two dozen panties I'd just bought should be wrapped as gifts, I'd laugh. They were all for me, to be spread out among the different places.

We both got a kick out of the extremes of our life, from muddy jeans and waders to tuxedos and gowns and back again within less than twenty-four hours. But with all the yawning between extremes, there was little time to put down the roots I have always yearned for. Nor was I able to spend time on things that mattered deeply to me, like reading, working on the fledgling Georgia Campaign for Adolescent Pregnancy Prevention, or, most important, spending time with my children. If I wanted to see them, I had to ask them to arrange to meet us somewhere along our travel route. I felt their disappointment acutely, and it pained me because I knew they were right in feeling that I was again losing myself, and them, just to make the marriage work. I would have liked Ted to understand and support such needs of mine. And he tried—but only when my needs didn't interfere with his own. It's not that I didn't *know* what I needed to do; it was that I didn't have the courage to go ahead and *do* it.

I was not ready to enter an authentic relationship with *myself* if it meant risking my marriage.

Have you noticed how we are presented with the same lessons, over and over and over, before a tipping point is reached? The lessons we need to learn circle round us, closing in, until finally we are ready to take them in. *Take them in.* Those are the words that matter, because until I had *embodied* the lessons I was supposed to learn, absorbed them into the warp and woof of my being, they didn't "take"; they remained a head trip and didn't lead to changes in my behavior.

We'd been together eight years, married for six. Behaviors destructive to the relationship had gone unchallenged and become sacrosanct, like squatter's rights. When I became resentful and would turn inward, he would fragment and yell that I was abandoning him. I had learned not to argue, not to say a word, just to let him vent. It was his safety valve. In spite of this, on Ted's scale of one to ten (he always rated things numerically), life hovered around six . . . in other words, more good than bad.

To complicate matters, I could feel myself yearning for spirituality in my life, something I had to keep to myself because of Ted's hostility to anything metaphysical. I found myself increasingly interested in questions about God. What is God? What is it I feel is "leading" me? One day in south Georgia a conservative Christian asked me if I had been saved. He was not coming from a friendly place, and feeling his hostility, I chose not to engage. I let him know that I felt myself to be a spiritual person. But his question stuck with me.

I went to my friend Andrew Young, civil rights leader, former UN ambassador, and minister, and asked him if he thought I should be saved.

"You don't need to," he replied. "You're already saved." And he went on to tell me that the original Greek meaning of the word *saved* meant that a person was whole.

Then I asked my friend Nancy McGuirk the same question about being saved. Nancy is married to a top executive at Turner Broadcasting, and over the years we had spent countless hours at business receptions off in a corner talking about religion. Nancy, a Presbyterian, teaches a weekly Bible class to hundreds of women.

"Well," said Nancy, "I'll tell you what being saved did for me—it took

me to the next step." Now, for a champion take-it-to-the-next-stepper like me, that was hard to resist. Yet I knew all too well that Ted would disapprove. Christians were one of the groups he'd apologized to after he'd said that Christianity was a religion for losers. I wasn't ready to take him on yet.

One day around the time I turned fifty-nine, I was participating in the annual bison roundup on one of Ted's New Mexico ranches. It was an awesome experience: thousands of the animals stretching out before me in a line so long that it disappeared over the side of the mesa, reappearing miles ahead, lumbering across the valley floor and up the side of the distant mesa. Bison move silently, no mooing like cattle, just the soft thudding of hooves and a deep, purring breath that you must listen for carefully to hear. My horse Geronimo was a black-and-white paint, and I am convinced that the painted ponies Indians often rode during their hunting forays must have been imprinted on the collective memory of the bison, because often one would suddenly charge from the center of the line and rush me full speed while the old cowboys, like the seventy-year-old Till twins, Emmett and Emory, on their plain brown horses would laugh and shout at me for getting too close.

At day's end I would pile into the back of someone's pickup with four or five of the cowboys, pop a beer, wedge myself between the old tires so as not to get too jostled on the twenty-some miles of rough roads back to headquarters, sink back against some hay bales, and gaze at the sky, deeply happy. You know the feeling, when you are exactly where you want to be in the world? I thought about how I had played a cowboy in *Comes a Horseman* and about the childhood question I'd once put to my brother: "Peter, who could round up buffalo better, Sue Sally or me?" And here I was coming full circle to where I'd been in my girlhood, only it wasn't a fantasy or a movie role.

It dawned on me that in one year I would turn sixty. That was when the whole notion of my third act came to me with a jolt that wasn't a bump in the road. *Oh my God! This will be a biggie. How do I want to handle it? I need to figure out what my life has meant up until now in order to know what I need to do with what lies ahead.*

As I wrote in the preface, "Know thine enemy" is one of my rules: Confront head-on the things that scare me and become deeply familiar

with them. This is why, knowing that sixty would be a difficult threshold to cross, I decided that the best way was for me to make a short video of my life to discover its different themes. I had all the makings: My father had been a home movie buff, so I had access to more than the average amount of footage and photos of myself as an infant and toddler. Plus there were the archives of interviews, movies, and press clips from when my life became public. All the raw material was there for me to resurrect the forgotten moments of my girlhood. It would be up to me to decipher the clues it held, to identify the patterns—and to be brave enough to name them.

I wanted to do it mainly for myself and for Vanessa, and it would also be for Troy, Lulu, Nathalie, and Ted's daughters, Laura and Jennie. I had a sense that if I did it right, the notion of confronting the third act in this manner—intentionally working to address what my regrets might be—would resonate with my friends, especially my women friends. I then decided I would have a big party to celebrate the start of my third act and offer the movie as my gift to the guests.

Vanessa is a documentary filmmaker and editor, so I invited her to help me put it together. Her answer, albeit prickly, pointed to one of the central issues I would have to deal with. She said, "Why don't you just get a chameleon and let it crawl across the screen?" Ouch. This was the rap on me: I've had so many personae over my lifetime that it's easy to think, Who is she, anyway? Is there a "there there"?—to quote Dorothy Parker describing Oakland, California. When I looked at photos of myself over the years and matched them up with my husband of the time, I couldn't help feeling that maybe it was true—maybe I simply become whatever the man I am with wants me to be: "sex kitten," "controversial activist," "ladylike wife on the arm of corporate mogul." Vanessa had exposed one of my central issues: *Was I just a chameleon*, and if so, how was it that a seemingly strong woman could so thoroughly and repeatedly lose herself? *Or had I really lost myself?* I also hoped that exploring my past would help me define the next thirty years so that the ending, when it came, would be as free of regrets as possible. That was the promise I had made to myself as I had watched my father die almost two decades earlier.

Over the summer of 1996, as I researched my journey, a trail began to appear. But to make sense of the emerging patterns, I had to concentrate hard on remembering how I *felt* each step of the way: how I felt sit-

ting on Sue Sally's mother's lap as she reprimanded me for using bad language; how I felt when Pedro tried to hump Pancho; how I felt when Susan asked me how I felt about Mother's death; how I felt when Sydney Pollack asked me my opinion of the script of *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*

I knew that by watching my films—all forty-nine of them (at the time)—and by reading through my old interviews (many of which I had pasted into albums over the years), a sense of who I was back then would come to me and help me understand the ways in which I had changed. This process caused me much wincing, and much looking over my shoulder to make sure no one else was watching. Trust me, there's something to be said for having your various utterances disappear into obscurity rather than linger in print or on film to haunt you.

All this research was done rather sporadically. I had to search for air pockets in the frantic life I shared with Ted. It was done mostly during the spring and summer while we were in Montana, and it wasn't easy. Whenever my personal extracurricular activities (which, by the way, kept my head above water) would take time away from Ted, he would suffer abandonment anxieties. So to work on the "script" of my life, I would often "fake it": I would drive out to the river with Ted and we'd separate, each to fish different stretches; then, instead of fishing I'd park myself under a tree and read, write, or think. Sometimes I'd sneak my laptop into the back pouch of my fishing vest and pull that out to write on it until the battery died. Then I would fish like crazy in order to have something to report when we hooked back up again. Occasionally I'd pretend to not feel well and send Ted off with other guests to fish or hunt while I worked.

As it turned out, what I was doing intuitively by choosing to prepare for my sixtieth the way I did was preparing myself for *myself*—starting at the very beginning.

ACT THREE

BEGINNING

*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time*

—T. S. ELIOT,
"Little Gidding," *Four Quartets*

At the end of every road you meet yourself.
—S. N. BEHRMAN

*With Vanessa and Malcolm
(around age two).*



*In Rome with Troy
for a V-Day summit meeting.
(© Joyce Tenneson)*





*In Juarez, with Eve Ensler, far left, and Sally Field, right.
(Jorge Uzon/AFP/Getty Images)*



*March 2004, in Mumbai, India, where I did The Vagina Monologues
with Eve Ensler, Marisa Tomei, and Indian and Pakistani actresses.*



*Girls are at the core of G-CAPP's work.
(Courtesy G-CAPP)*

CHAPTER ONE

SIXTY

We are commanded to love our neighbors as ourselves, and I believe that to love ourselves means to extend to those various selves that we have been along the way the same degree of compassion and concern that we would extend to anyone else. If to do so is unseemly, then so much for seemliness.

—FREDERICK BUECHNER,
Telling Secrets

*Silence is the first thing within the power of the enslaved to shatter.
From that shattering, everything else spills forth.*

—ROBIN MORGAN,
Demon Lover: The Roots of Terrorism

ON DECEMBER 21, 1997, the curtain went up on my third act. Ted threw me a wonderful sixtieth birthday party. Vanessa designed the invitation: On the front was a yellow road sign reading WORK IN PROGRESS, and it accorded out into a series of photos of me in various phases of my life, ending with "to be continued." Our families and friends were there—three hundred in all—and it was probably the most diverse group Atlanta had ever seen.

Keeping a secret is near to impossible for Ted, but he managed not to tell me what he was giving me as a gift, only teasing me by saying it was "a gift that would keep on giving." That night he stood up and told the guests about how I had often said I thought he was smart to have set up his family foundation, because it guaranteed that all his children would be together with him at least for a time.



*Christmas 2004 in Atlanta with Lulu, Malcolm on my lap,
Viva on Vanessa's lap, and Nathalie.
(Matt Arnett)*

"So for your sixtieth birthday, Jane, I'm giving you a ten-million-dollar family foundation."

I thought I'd heard wrong. He asked me to come to the stage, and when I stood my knees buckled. I would have gone down had it not been for Max Cleland, one of Georgia's U.S. senators and a triple Vietnam amputee, who was next to me in his wheelchair. When I got to the stage, I threw my arms around Ted, kissed him, and said to the guests, "He told me he was giving me a gift that would keep on giving . . . but, oh my God! I had no idea."

With the help of my friend the editor Nick Boxer, I had finished the twenty-minute video of my life, and later in the evening I showed it to the guests. Although they seemed interested, even moved by it—especially my women friends—it was of necessity done in such broad strokes that when I look at it today it seems quite superficial. I now realize it couldn't possibly have had the impact on others that making it had on me, for it changed me in ways that would become apparent only as my third act began to unfold, and in ways I did not necessarily intend.

Toward the end of the video, over images of my life with Ted, I explained in a voice-over how eight years earlier I had decided to leave my life in California and commit to him because I wanted to accept the challenge of intimacy. I talked about how frightening this had been for me; how Katharine Hepburn's advice to never get soggy had come back to me. And then I said, "Suddenly it hit me: This was what I was supposed to face, my biggest fear—intimacy, the one thing that had eluded me, a true, lasting, intimate relationship with a life partner. If I didn't make a leap of faith, this would be the thing at the end of my life that was left undone; the big 'if only.'"

I was sixty. I had done the hard work needed for intimacy to become a reality, at least on my end. The work was bearing fruit: I was beginning to sense what my marriage could be like if Ted and I really showed up for each other. Working on my birthday video had allowed me to see that there was a "there there" within me after all. It exposed for me the threads of continuity, like suspension bridges, that had spanned the canyons of change in my life. I could see that the main thread was courage in everything *except* my personal life.

As the weeks went by following my birthday, I became aware of feeling more like *me*, a whole being, standing next to but no longer overlapping into the being that was Ted. I was ready. But I knew it wouldn't



Dancing with Ted at my sixtieth birthday party.

happen unless Ted was willing to make some changes in the way he regarded our relationship. Unfortunately, his tendency was to like things just the way they were, and despite my growing self-esteem I *still* wasn't able to come right out and ask for what I wanted—even after I had realized that there could be no truly intimate relationship between us unless I spoke my truth. *I still felt I had to please him at the expense of myself.* The subtle power of sexist roles and their inherent inequality has been deeply imprinted in all of us raised under them.

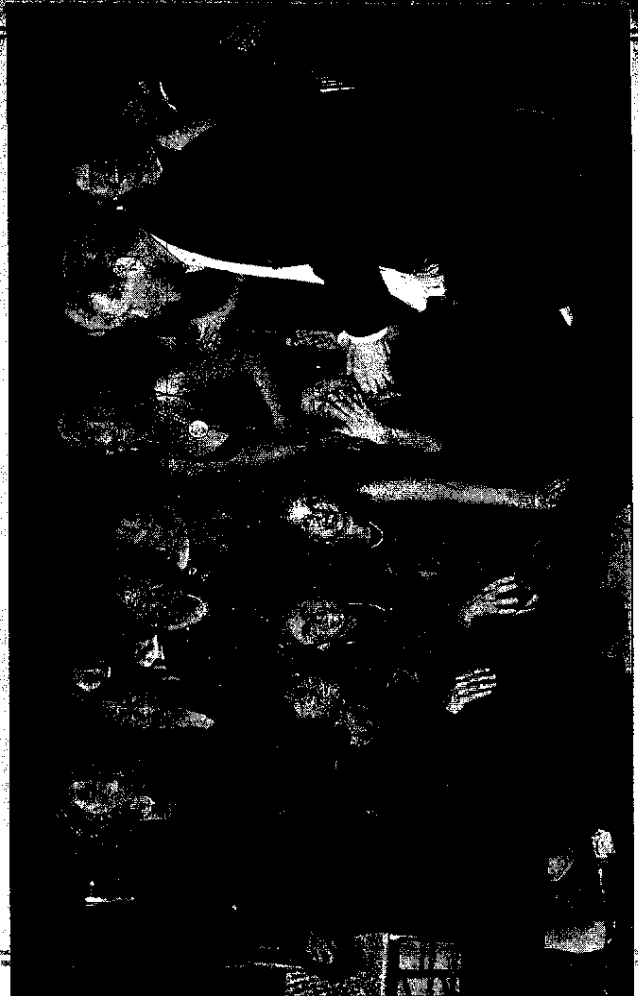
More and more frequently I'd send him subtle signals about how I was feeling, and when the signals weren't received, I would drink to numb myself until the anger had passed. If he'd bothered to look closely, Ted could have seen the silent me, like a trout swimming out from behind a rock and coming closer to the surface. But Ted is not a close looker, especially if what he might find would risk muddying his waters, and I—accomplice that I was—wasn't willing to break the surface. One voice was telling me, *Jane, you can't go on this way, while another (very strong) voice was whispering, Maybe you shouldn't rock the boat. Things are okay. It's an interesting life. He's a wonderful man.*

Out of love and respect for Ted and his children, I will not go into specifics about what was not working in our relationship. Quite honestly it is not necessary, and I have already given you a sense of the issues. What I *can* write about (and what is important because of its universality) is how in spite of everything I remained paralyzed when it came to actually speaking up for myself in ways I feared might end the relationship. And I *can* write about how it took two more years for me to get up the courage to do it. I had been unafraid to travel to North Vietnam in an effort to help end the war; to place myself in harm's way; to risk public censure; to stand up to the government when I thought what they were doing was wrong. But when it came to a relationship with a man, I still could not raise my voice. *And I wasn't even dependent on him financially!*

One specific problem that increasingly wore me down was all the traveling. While it had seemed relatively easy and fun at first, I hadn't realized that it would never end, that we would be continually on the move, like migrating birds, always packing, never totally unpacking. First there was one place in Argentina, and we'd go there for a restful week or ten days of fishing when it was winter in North America. But then Ted added two more properties in Argentina, so that even when we were there we were shuttling from one place to another.



Peter and Nathalie at the birthday party.



*The birthday party: Jon Voight cracking up the Fonda cousins
(all women) from out west.*

Guilt was beginning to set in when I didn't want to fish every single day, when I didn't want every hour programmed. Some days I wanted to do nothing . . . just read, think. I wanted to acknowledge to Ted that I was on a journey and invite him to join me, but it required slowing down to what psychologist Marion Woodman calls "soul-speed," and for the driven, soul-speed feels like death. Quincy Jones put it well in his autobiography. Q:

I was always running, but every time I ran I kept crashing into myself coming from the opposite direction, and he didn't know where he was going either. I ran because there was nothing behind me to hold me up. I ran because I thought that was all there was to do. I thought that to stay in one place meant to die.

I thought it was a male thing, until I read *Miss America by Day*, by former Miss America Marilyn Van Derbur, whose father had committed incest with her from age five until eighteen. She writes movingly about how often victims of early abuse (sexual, physical, or psychological) must stay busy, keep moving, so as to avoid feelings that might otherwise arise. Ted had to keep moving so that his demons wouldn't catch up with him. I felt empathy for him, but I was becoming aware that there was no *deepening* to our life, just a lateral repetition of scheduled activities. Now that I had started my last act, I wanted to stop all the *doing* and start *being*—to slow down and show up. Ted couldn't. When it came right down to it, I think he was scared.

I began to descend into quiet desolation, disappearing into sleep much of the time. Ted, I was discovering, thought that intimacy meant to tell his innermost thoughts to his significant other, which was odd since he told his innermost thoughts to everyone. But *listening*, in turn, to that other? No. I was becoming aware of how nearly impossible it was to have a two-way conversation with Ted, unless I was talking about something he could easily recognize as relevant to himself. There just wasn't room in his brain for words other than his own. It's not as if I hadn't seen the warning signs.

Time was fleeting; color was beginning to drain out of things; the nictitating membrane was settling in; increasingly I found myself engaging in angry mind rehearsals with Ted and venting to my closest women friends. I would think, I don't want to live laterally anymore, skimming over the surface. Vertical is how I need to live. Moving so fast through life leaves no time for the spirit, for mystery, for the existential.

I asked him, "Who are you, Ted? Beneath your worldly successes and the applause and clamor of the crowd, who are you?" I tried to explain by using myself as an example: "I have been an award-winning actor, but that's just what I *did*, that's not who I *am*. If that was who I am, I'd have been miserable leaving it all behind." I tried to tell him who I felt I was: a woman in the last act of her life who wanted to be authentic, whole, to deepen my life, to embody the soul I felt hovering around me, asking to be invited in.

I love Ted and always will, and I knew that it wasn't for lack of intelligence that he didn't understand me. Well, yes, in a way it was—lack of emotional intelligence, the result of his traumatic childhood.

Perhaps I could have handled the constant traveling if it hadn't been for the other things that hurt me; if I had been allowed more time on my own every now and then; if I had been able to spend more time with my emotionally accessible women friends, my children, my organization. Perhaps I would have been able to return to him better able to accept not only his drivenness but his enmeshment. He fears if no one is there to witness him, he will no longer exist.

Then something quite unexpected was thrown into this unsettled mix: the magic of grandmotherhood. Vanessa told me she was pregnant, and I knew that I wanted and needed to be there for her in whatever ways I could. Ted had always generously gone out of his way to help Vanessa and me grow closer, inviting her to travel with us, even offering her a job at Avalon Plantation doing what she does so well—organic farming. But when I told him she was going to have a baby and that I wanted to be there for her as much as possible, he exploded in rage. I think he sensed that my energy would be drawn away from him for a while. But frankly I was stunned and disturbed by his reaction.

As the time of the birth approached, I told Ted I wanted to be with Vanessa for the ten days surrounding her due date. Although by now he had gotten over his anger, he wasn't happy about my going. But there was no question that this was where I had to be, and Ted even surprised us by showing up as Vanessa went into labor.

It was a home birth at Ted's farm outside Atlanta, with a midwife in attendance. Theoretically we parents know when our children are grown-ups, yet a part of us is still awed when circumstances force us to see that they've grown *beyond* us. I was impressed by Vanessa's decision to have a home birth, how she had gone about finding a midwife (home

births are not legally sanctioned in Georgia) and prepared herself for all eventualities. I read books she gave me on home birthing, and together we watched videos of actual home births. I realized sadly how I, like many women, had relinquished to doctors my ownership of this ultimate metamorphic experience. This had been true when I gave birth to Vanessa, but now I was watching her do it right—not in the sense that everyone must have a home birth, but “right” in being intentional, fully in charge, informed. In case it might be needed, we preregistered at a hospital and practiced driving there. She carefully prepared a birth plan (instructions the mother gives to the doctors and nurses about what she wants and doesn’t want to happen to her and her newborn). For instance, Vanessa was adamant about having natural childbirth, and she specified that the baby not be taken from her or given any bottles.

I stayed with Vanessa and Malcolm for four days after he was born. I was so proud of the brave way she handled the birth and grateful that I could be there to help her with him. I would sit in a rocking chair for hours at a time while she slept, holding Malcolm against my chest, singing the lullabies I had sung to Vanessa thirty years earlier. A May breeze would gently lift the slipcovers on the porch furniture, and as I gazed out over the freshly blooming dogwood, the wild azaleas, and the lake where two swans held court, I felt that life could never get any better. No one had prepared me for the feelings that arose when I held this little boy. Vanessa’s child. I was utterly broken open in ways I had never been before. Malcolm had enabled me to discover the combination to the safe where the soft part of my heart had been shut away for so long. Depths of feeling washed over me, cleansing me, carrying me too far down the new path of intimacy for me to ever want to turn back. Perhaps Ted knew it would be this way and that’s why he had gotten so upset at the news I would be a grandmother.

With the birth of Malcolm, the Phoenix that had been on hold for ten years had risen: I also was being born anew. I knew now that I had to muster the courage to ask for what I needed in my relationship with Ted. At the time, these things seemed huge and difficult to me, but looking back, I see that I was asking for reasonable, bread-and-butter, emotional things. I knew that if I didn’t speak up, I would end my life married, yes, but filled with longings and regrets—just what I’d vowed I would not do. Deception is a lousy foundation for intimacy, and sustainability in a relationship is as critical as it is in the environment.

Then one day when Ted’s business brought us to Los Angeles, I went to see my therapist. She said, “Jane, the choice is yours. You like challenges, so I am throwing the gauntlet at your feet. Take the challenge. Be brave in your relationship, whatever the outcome will be. Ask him to join you.”

I was acutely aware that there was more time behind me than in front of me and that I had to shake myself awake. Maybe Ted would also like to jolt himself onto a new path but didn’t know how. *Maybe I’m supposed to do this . . . for both of us. I love him enough to try.*

It was June. We were up early at his ranch in Montana. The sun had barely risen above the Spanish Peaks, yet a sultry air shimmered across the sleeping fields, signaling the hot day ahead. It had taken me two years to muster the courage for this crucial moment.

We gathered our fishing gear, and as we were driving over the bumpy dirt road to his favorite part of Cherry Creek, I said, “Ted, I am scared. I feel myself going numb. I need us to try to do some things differently in our marriage, because otherwise I’m not sure I can show up for you the way you want me to.” And I spelled out what I hoped would happen. I don’t remember what he said, only that a rush of discordant, confused emotions suddenly sucked up all the air in the car. He was angry, that much I knew.

When we got to the creek he said, “Let’s go fishing and we’ll discuss this later.”

As usual we went to separate stretches of water and for several hours I attempted to fish, but my heart was pounding with dread. Oh my God, I thought. What if he actually refuses to try? For almost nine years I’ve made a core part of myself invisible in order to be “good enough,” and now I’ve put it out there. What if . . . No, it’s too awful to countenance. For a moment I imagined our marriage going under, like my grasshopper fly disappearing under a rifle.

From the moment we got back in the car, I knew things were not going to be as I had hoped. He had not calmed down; anger was boiling. He was fragmented into little pieces, and I could get no traction anywhere to slow him down and explain my feelings in any depth. I should not have been surprised. As is typical of people who don’t speak up, I had overwhelmed him by dumping everything on him all at once—he, who can’t handle change. When we got back to the ranch, all he could do was bang the walls with his fists and his head. I was stunned by his reaction.

but I watched him with detachment. *I did what I had to do, and for others am not going to "fix it" by backtracking.* That morning I stepped outside the framework that had held me in thrall most of my life and I could not go back. There was detachment but also a sense of free fall, similar to the limbo an actor feels when he or she is morphing into a new character. Only this was *my life*, and I had no road map.

Over the ensuing months I tried to find ways of making Ted understand my point of view. But it was as though something had snapped and if he had been hijacked by his emotions and was incapable of hearing me, I was dumbfounded, because I knew he loved me and that our life together was more important to him than the few things I had asked him to try—*try!* I hadn't even demanded a "never again." Yet our life seemed to be crumbling before my eyes. *Was it possible that his male identity was so inextricably bound up with things as they were that he would risk losing me to avoid change?*

There was another factor that, understandably, compounded his fragmentation and convinced him I had lost my mind: He learned that I had become a Christian. Remember Ted's abhorrence of decisions made without his consultation? Well, this was about as major a one as can be imagined.

Several months earlier my friend Nancy McGuirk had taken me to my "next step." I hadn't told Ted beforehand, because by then I didn't feel we were on the same team. Alongside the frantic life we shared, I was living a parallel inner life, where I took care of my own needs. I was used to doing this.

I also knew if I had discussed with him my need for spirituality, he would have either asked me to choose between him and it or bullied me out of it. It was too new. I was too raw. Besides, it was not for nothing that he'd been captain of the debating team at Brown University. If I had discussed it with him beforehand, there was no way I could have held him under what I knew would be his blistering attack on Christianity, most of which I actually agreed with. *Don't you know that Christianity, just like Islam, Judaism, and Hinduism, says women are inferior? What do you think the Garden of Eden myth means, anyway? Woman was an afterthought, taken from Adam's rib to serve him, and then was blamed for man's fall from grace. And what about the witch burnings, the Crusades, and the Inquisition? He had it all at his fingertips. He knew the Bible far better than I did; he had read it twice, cover to cover, had been "saved" seven times (including*

ance by the Reverend Billy Graham). He had even considered joining the ministry as a young man, in the years before his younger sister died a terrible, prolonged death from lupus and he had turned from God.

In hindsight I realize that not telling him was a wildly unfair thing for me to do. But I felt lost and empty. I needed to be filled. An inner life had been emerging for some time, and I needed to name it. I named it "Christian," because that is my culture. I began to pray every day, out loud, on my knees, and it was like being hooked up to the power of the mystery that had been leading me for the last decade. It wasn't so much *learning* about the existence of God, because learning implies use of intellect. It was more an experiencing of His presence, a psychic lucidity, that was allowing me access to something beyond consciousness.

It wasn't long, however, before I found myself bumping up against certain literal, patriarchal aspects of Christian orthodoxy that I found difficult to embrace. I will address this in the next chapter. But I discovered that alienation from dogma doesn't have to mean a loss of faith.

Ted's level of rage and stress in the six months following my speaking up almost incapacitated him. Marilyn Van Derbur gave me an insight when she wrote in *Miss America by Day* that her early trauma "had literally hard-wired my brain so that my stress level on a scale of one to ten was fifty. If someone humiliated me, I had no way to accommodate the additional stress, so I would go into a kind of craziness." There had been too much stress, abuse, and instability in Ted's early life. Anyone who knows him knows that he reacts to stress almost like someone suffering from posttraumatic stress disorder. I had blindsided him with my need to renegotiate our marriage *and* with my becoming a Christian—and this double whammy acted as a trigger to rage over which he had no control.

Ted insisted that it wasn't normal to change after sixty. I told him I thought it was dangerous *not* to. While I had become stronger, Ted had not, and my speaking up for myself was a blow from which he could not allow himself to recover. Maybe he was too invested in his projection of me as someone who expressed her needs only if they didn't threaten his and who would never place another love—for self, for children, grandchildren, friends, or Jesus—above, or even on a par with, her love for him. I had started out hopefully. I knew that other very successful alpha females can, after a certain age, when testosterone levels drop, make the

shift, slow down, open their hearts, and reduce the need to perform. I felt that he loved me enough to at least *try*. In fact, he did say at one point that he would try to do what I had asked in the marriage. For many months I was ecstatic. I no longer wanted to leave myself behind; I wanted sexuality to come out of *relationship*—eye-to-eye, soul-to-soul pleasure, where everything wasn't all planned out to a fare-thee-well. He was happy with sexuality that came out of performance. The very thing I had feared the most—that I would gain my voice and lose my man—was actually happening. It wasn't how I thought the story would end. You see what you need to see in another person, and when your needs change you try to see different things. The problem comes when what you need and what you see isn't seen or needed by your partner. It doesn't mean your partner is bad; it just means that she or he wants something else in life. My happiness was short-lived, for I could see Ted withering before my eyes. Clearly he wasn't going to be able (or willing) to make the journey with me. We agreed to separate.

It was only after we separated that I discovered that while Ted was telling me he would try to do things differently he had turned to his old adage: "Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst." He had spent our last year together looking for my replacement. That was why he seemed to be graying before my eyes: It was killing him to be dishonest with me. The day we parted, three days after the millennium, he flew to Atlanta to drop me off. As I drove from the airport to Vanessa's home in a rental car, my replacement was waiting in the hangar to board his plane. My seat was still warm.



Sitting down to lunch at a UN Foundation meeting in Capetown, South Africa.
Left to right: Tim Wirth, the foundation president; board member Graca Machel;
her husband, Nelson Mandela; Carolyn Young, whose husband, Ambassador Andy Young,
is a board member. I had just come from a tour of Robbin Island prison,
where Mandela had been jailed for twenty-five years.

CHAPTER TWO

MOVING ON

It begins with the vision to recognize when a job, a lifestyle, a relationship, is over—and let it go.

It involves a sense of the future, a belief that every exit line is an entry, that we are moving on, rather than out.

—ELLEN GOODMAN

AT AGE SIXTY-TWO I found myself alone, living in my daughter's guest room. I was acutely aware of how different I felt this time from the way I'd felt after my breakup with Tom eleven years earlier. I didn't feel alone, because I wasn't. I was with myself, for the first time, and proud that I hadn't capitulated out of fear. So what if it had taken so long? What matters is that I got there.

For two weeks I was alone in the house with my golden retriever, Roxy. Vanessa had gone to Paris with eight-month-old Malcolm to be with Vadim, who had been battling cancer for three years. Her pain and concern were palpable, and I was glad my new circumstances made me available should she need me.

Neither Roxy nor I was accustomed to stillness. The absence of its booming voice and constant activity left a deafening silence. I had wanted stillness. Here it was. My friends wondered if I would experience "luxurium tremens" (as singer James Taylor calls the sudden loss of luxury). I didn't. In fact, I found the smallness of my surroundings humbling. I had gone from twenty-three kingdom-size properties and a private plane that could sleep six to a small guest room with no closet in a modest house in a charming but not quite gentrified section of Atlanta.

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I experienced mourning rather than anger—mourning not so much for the relationship as it was as for the loss of what I had hoped it might become. The anger rose somewhat later, when in agonizing drips and drops, I began to find out about Ted's quests for my replacement during the year I was rejoicing in what I thought was his concession to monogamy. For about a month I would write him letters venting my rage and hurt; fortunately I never mailed them. (Time and understanding take the edge off anger. Best not leave everlasting proof of your temporary insanity.)

Vanessa and Malcolm returned to Atlanta for a while, and in the quiet of her home we talked about fathers and husbands, marriage and divorce. But when it became clear that Vadim hadn't much longer to live, she hurried back to him while I remained in Atlanta with Malcolm. I felt bonded to this little boy in a way I never had with anyone before. He was showing me how to love. I would lie in bed with his sleeping body draped across me (his position of choice), his nose in my right ear, his toes in my left, and feel utterly complete. Later, Malcolm would take my face in his hands and say, "I yuv you, Gamma."

It was a painful time for Vanessa. Not only was the father she adored dying, but she was separated from her son. She had been breast-feeding, and by the time I brought him back to her in Paris, that precious window had closed. I stayed in France for a while, wanting to see Vadim one last time and to help Vanessa with Malcolm. She spent her days at her father's bedside, alternating shifts with Vadim's sister, Hélène, and greeting friends, family members, and former wives and companions as they came and went. It felt synchronous that my separation from Ted had made it possible for me to be totally available when I was needed, and to reconnect with my family from my first marriage.

I remembered something Katharine Hepburn said to me during the filming of *On Golden Pond*: "Make no mistake, Jane, women choose their men and not the other way around." If this is true (and I'd like to think this), then in spite of everything, I feel that I chose well. I learned and grew with Vadim, Tom, and Ted (sometimes because of them, sometimes in spite of them), and I feel grateful for that. I also have to say that in hindsight, each divorce, painful though it may have been at the time, marked a step forward, an opportunity for self-redefinition rather than a failure—almost like repotting a plant when the roots don't fit anymore.

Of course, I wish I'd found just one husband, also capable of redefinition, to make the whole journey with, but self-redefinition is harder for most men, especially since in a patriarchy they are not supposed to need it. Given my parents' difficulties with relationships, and my personal evolution, choosing right for the long haul just hasn't been in the cards. I comfort myself in knowing that should I choose again, the haul will be shorter.

Often during periods of transition in my life people or books have appeared, like miracles, to teach me what I need to learn. During my final months with Ted, as I struggled to make sense out of the impending separation from a man I loved, I began reading *In a Different Voice*, by feminist psychologist Carol Gilligan. In the very first pages, Gilligan wrote that women "often sensed that it was dangerous to say or even to know what they wanted or thought—upsetting to others and therefore carrying with it the threat of abandonment. . . ." *Exactly what I had been facing*. Gilligan went on to describe the damage that this does to women: "The justification of these psychological processes [of silencing the self] in the name of love or relationships is equivalent to the justifications of violence and violation in the name of morality."

If I'd been a cartoon character, the balloons over my head would have read: "Oh my God!"; "Now I understand"; "So that's why!" I saw that the issues I had been wrestling with in my marriage were not just *my* struggles; they were *other women's* struggles, and they were important enough for a psychologist like Gilligan (and the many others I subsequently read) to study. I had had revelations before with books—*The Village of Ben Suc* and *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, for example—but this time the book was speaking to *my own life experiences*. I was like a nearsighted person suddenly given corrective lenses (or having the old lenses, distorted by patriarchy, suddenly removed). The whole world looked different to me now—so many elements in my life and my mother's life began to make sense. I don't know if another woman would have the same visceral response to Gilligan's book, but the time was right for me. I was ready. Earlier I could not have taken in the full implications of what she wrote. I would have been more worried about rocking Ted's boat than captaining my own.

On the second page of Gilligan's book I read:

Women's choices not to speak or rather to dissociate themselves from what they themselves are saying can be deliberate or unwitting, consciously chosen or enacted through the body by narrowing the passages that connect the voice with the breath and sound, by keeping the voice high in the head so that it does not carry the depths of human feelings. . . .

When I read this it hit me so forcefully that I cried out, remembering my early years as a young movie star—*Sunday in New York*, *Any Wednesday*, *Tall Story*—when my voice was high and thin. Alone in Vanessa's home, I watched videos of my films chronologically and was able to track my growth as a woman by noting when my voice began to drop. It started with *Klute*, which was when I began to define myself as a feminist; it was also when I won my first Oscar. My acting had improved as my voice deepened, because I was beginning to inhabit myself.

Change can come from the inside out or the outside in. I got a call late one night in early 2000, when Vanessa was still in Paris. It was Paula Weinstein in California. Richard and Lili Fini Zanuck, producers of the Academy Awards show that year, wanted me to be a presenter.

"I can't, Paula," I said. "I'm not in the business anymore."

"Do it anyway," said my dearest friend, who can't seem to remember that she's not my agent anymore. "It'll be good for you."

She wouldn't take no for an answer. Finally I said, "Oh, okay, I'll do it. I have a dress that I bought four years ago that's really pretty that I can wear."

"Jane," Paula shrieked, "no way. Vera Wang is going to design you a dress, and you're going to get your hair cut by Sally Hirschberger, and that's that! I don't want any arguments."

Isn't it great to have persistent friends?

Psychologist Marion Woodman has said: "Changing your hair is a reflection of a shift in thinking." Well, thanks to Paula, I had new hair to go with my new thinking.

Within months of my singlehood, another germinal event took place: My close friend Pat Mitchell asked me to perform one of the pieces in Eve

Ensler's *The Vagina Monologues*. I had gotten to know Pat during the years she was president of CNN Productions and Time Inc. (Pat had just been named president and CEO of PBS.)

I had not acted in eleven years and had little desire to do so again, but I asked Pat to send me the script. I read one page of the monologue they wanted me to perform (it was titled "Cunt") and called Pat.

"No, Pat," I said. "I have enough problems. Hanoi Jane saying 'cunt' in Atlanta? I don't think so." But as is her way, Pat wouldn't let up—not necessarily pressuring me to perform, just asking me to meet Eve Ensler. She told me that Eve was in New York performing the monologues and insisted that I go and see it for myself. "Trust me, Jane. You have to do this."

So I did.

I had no idea what to expect, but as I sat there listening to Eve enact the monologues she'd written based on interviews she'd done with women about their vaginas, I felt something happening to me. I don't remember ever laughing so hard or crying so hard in the theater, but it must have been during the laughter part, when I wasn't paying attention, that my feminist consciousness slipped out of my head and took up residence in my body—where it has lived ever since.

Up until then I had been a feminist in the sense that I supported women, brought gender issues into my movie roles, helped women make their bodies strong, read all the books: I had it in my head. I thought I had it in my heart—in my body—but I didn't; not really. I couldn't. It was too scary, like stepping off a cliff without knowing if there was a trampoline below. It meant doing *life* differently.

Fans of Robert Heinlein's science fiction masterpiece *Stranger in a Strange Land* know what the word *grok* means: to understand something so thoroughly on every level—spiritually, intellectually, bodily, psychically—that you become one with what you have observed or grasped; you merge with it. My experience upon seeing *The Vagina Monologues* (as with reading *In a Different Voice*) can only be described as "grokking" feminism.

Eve Ensler has remained a beloved presence in my life ever since that night. Beaten and subjected to incest for years by her father, she is a force of nature, a person who with lots of work has risen, burnished and purified, from the fires of violence and pain, and her vision of ending violence against women is contagious. She has turned her play into a global



As a presenter at the Oscars in 2000
with my new haircut and Vera Wang dress.

campaign, and as of this writing her organization, V-Day: Until the Violence Stops, has raised over \$26 million in support of local efforts to stop violence against women around the world, more than the total amount that the United States government has spent on this pandemic. I serve on her organization's V-Council and have traveled to many countries with Eve to help build this global movement.

Vaginal epiphanies and Oscar presentation notwithstanding, life was ratcheting down to soulspeed, just as I had wanted. My daughter's home had become a womb in which I was pregnant with myself, entering what Dr. Susan Blumenthal described to me as "the infancy of my second adulthood." It felt right, like when you hit a tennis ball on the "sweet spot" of the racket. It took place in small, incremental, cumulative steps that I might not have noticed, *except that I was paying attention*—becoming intentional. I also know that, manless (and not afraid of that) and surrounded by vibrant, brave, emotionally available women friends, I was able to remove the blinders and see things, which necessitated my rethinking fundamentals I couldn't see before—like how differently most women "do" life. We listen with our hearts; we try to mirror the other's humanity.

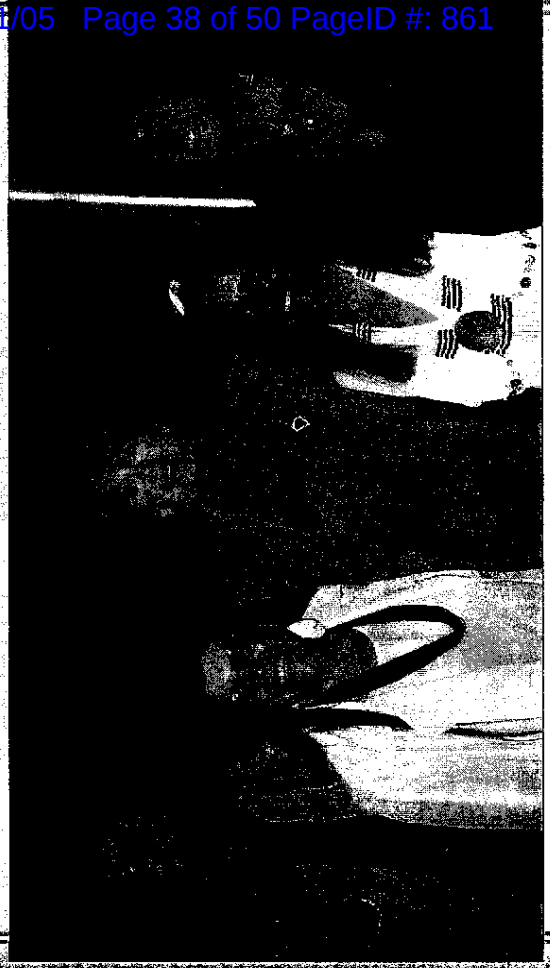
It's not that I was entirely conscious of what was happening to me. It was like a slow letting go at the very center of myself. My relationships with people began to shift. I wasn't reactive anymore (amazing, if reactive is what you've been most of your life). I was detached, yet my heart had opened. The space between me and other people seemed filled with a new, vibrating energy that grew exponentially more intense when I felt connected to other women. In the "old days," I would go to a party and wonder, *Will they like me? Will I be pretty enough? Interesting enough?* Now I was coming into a party thinking, Do I really want to be here? Is there anyone I want to connect with?

After a month or two Vanessa made it clear that I needed to start thinking about moving out. I no longer had a home of my own, having sold it in order to make my home (homes) with Ted. When it dawned on me that we were splitting up, I had to think about where I was going to live. It took me about three seconds to realize I wanted to stay in Atlanta. This decision had been so sudden and certain, it took me by surprise. (It certainly took many of my New York and California friends by surprise.)



With Eve Ensler, having just performed the final monologue in *The Vagina Monologues* at Madison Square Garden. I had been so scared beforehand that I prayed I'd be sideswiped by a taxi—not killed, just hospitalized—so that I wouldn't have to go through with my first acting in fifteen years. It went well—the whole event was memorable—and gave me courage.

(Mark Abrahams/German Vogue)



Left to right: Actress Tantoo Cardinal, Karen Artichoker, me, Suzanne Blue Star Boy, and Eve Ensler at a V-Day event in Rapid City, South Dakota, to raise funds

There comes a time in life when you have to put down roots. Why not Atlanta? I was sixty-two; Vanessa, Malcolm, and Lulu were all living there now; I had made many good friends in Georgia; I was committed to the important work my organization, the Georgia Campaign for Adolescent Pregnancy Prevention, was doing with our school-based programs for girls and boys and with young mothers and fathers, and I longed to be more hands-on. Enough moving around! Besides, I like the Chekhovian nature of the South: a slowness, a love of talk for its own sake, the friendliness and humor; the jokes, like heirlooms, passed back and forth and savored as though for the first time; an acceptance of people's idiosyncrasies. And where else can you hear expressions like "frog strangler" (for a heavy rain) and "lower than a pregnant duck" (when you're depressed)?

But there is something else that contributes to my love of the South. Most of my life I had lived in sophisticated, relatively privileged coastal cities like Los Angeles and New York. I had grown weary of criticism about people in those places being elitists, out of touch with the American mainstream. Just as it had taken my going to France to begin to understand America, so it had taken my move to Georgia to show me that the criticisms were at least partly true. With this had come a realization that appealed to the activist in me: If you can effect change in the South, you can effect change anywhere. There's a sense of reality—things aren't as prettified and above the fray as in Hollywood. History is closer to the surface, possibly because our Civil War bloodied the soils and souls of this southern land in ways that can never be entirely wiped away or understood by northerners or West Coast folk.

So out I set on a new life as a solo, short-haired southerner, not entirely certain where my less traveled road would lead me, but sure that my choice was right.



As a fund-raiser for G-CAPP, I lived a lifelong dream and, with ten fit friends, made the five-day trek to the ancient Inca city of Machu Picchu. I was single now and could do these things.

CHAPTER THREE

LEAVING
MY FATHER'S
HOUSE

love was earned through perfection. In adolescence, my feelings of imperfection centered on my physical being, and I abandoned my poor, loyal body and took up residence in my head. Whether you are male or female, that split between body/heart and mind is the fatal one when it comes to being a fully realized person. Your soul becomes homeless. In the house of the Fathers, there is no room for soul.

I am referring here to "father" not in the biological sense but metaphorically, to the house of the Fathers, the patriarchs—to a way of existing by seeing myself through the eyes of men and accommodating them on the deepest, invisible level (while seeming to do the contrary) and, in so doing, delivering a part of myself to a world that bifurcates head and heart, renders empathy (for oneself or for others) impossible, and makes both men and women, boys and girls, less human than they inherently are.

Don't get me wrong—I love men. One reason I didn't become a feminist sooner is that I erroneously thought it required male bashing. In fact, the more I have come to understand the nature of the Fathers' house, the *more* I love men, because I see how patriarchy's toxic cloistering has dehumanized them as well.

For me, the journey from the house of the Fathers has been a long time coming. I didn't know, when I started writing this book almost five years ago, that I would arrive at this place, nor did I know exactly what "place" I hoped to get to.

There have been (and will continue to be) many course corrections on this path to enable my whole embodied spirit, the unicorn in Rilke's poem, to manifest itself. For me, as Rilke describes, the journey had to start with "the space hollowed out by . . . love"—self-love—despite the absence of perfection. That love allowed me to accept myself and imagine going beyond where I'd been as a disembodied, male-identified woman, to arrive at a belief so strong in "the mere possibility of being" that the unicorn—my embodied spirit—"stood up all at once and didn't need existence." Because the transformative experiences we go through over our lives are so elusive, their essence can sometimes best be captured through metaphor.

Two very nonpoetic impediments at the start of this third part of my journey were my breasts. It's hard to squeeze through the door of the Fa-

*Oh this is the animal that never was.
They hadn't seen one; but just the same, they loved
its graceful movements, and the way it stood
looking at them calmly, with clear eyes.*

*It had not been. But for them, it appeared
in all its purity. They left space enough.
And in the space hollowed out by their love
it stood up all at once and didn't need*

*existence. They nourished it, not with grain,
but with the mere possibility of being.*

And finally this gave it so much power

*that from its forehead a horn grew. One horn.
It drew near to a virgin, white, gleaming—
and was, inside the mirror and in her*

—RAINER MARIA RILKE,

from *The Sonnets to Orpheus*, II, 4

ALL MY LIFE I had been a father's daughter, trapped in a Greek drama, like Athena, who sprang fully formed from the head of her father, Zeus—disciplined, driven. Starting in childhood, I learned that

thers' house with breast implants. Soon after my separation from Ted, I began to feel an urgent need to have those implants removed, because I now saw these false appendages as sad, misguided reminders of a woman who didn't own her womanhood.

A series of male doctors assured me that the procedure could not be reversed successfully, but finally a friend of mine, a woman my age who had had it done, referred me to her female surgeon. This doctor told me that it is not uncommon for women of a certain age—when they have developed an authentic self and no longer need to define themselves by what shows on the outside—to want the implants removed.

When he first saw me postremoval, Troy said, "Mom! You're back in proportion again!" Yes, in more ways than one.

Psychologist Marion Woodman says the body is our "chalice for Spirit" and if there is no Spirit, we may try to fill its emptiness with addictions. In my forties I had stopped bingeing and purging, but I wasn't really healed; I was the way a dry drunk is in relationship to alcohol. Now I feel I have found spiritual food to fill what was always spiritual hunger, so I am no longer a dry drunk in relation to my eating disorder. Along the way I have also stopped drinking alcohol. Since this is my last act, I sure as hell want to try to do it on the match—replacing spirits with Spirit.

Perhaps you are wondering how I can talk about leaving the patriarchal, hierarchal structures of the Fathers' house only to turn around and slip into the patriarchal, hierarchal structure of Christianity. This is exactly the conundrum I have been facing.

Always one to give my all to whatever I undertake, when I began this part of my journey—the soul's journey—I committed myself to what was presented to me. But as I diligently slogged through my weekly Bible classes, I felt the reverence slipping away, and I began to get scared. How to get back what had begun as an intense personal experience? I met some inspiring, extraordinary Christians who clearly lived their faith. Yet others came at me, fingers pointing: "How could you have spoken at that pro-choice rally?" They demanded to know my position on this or that issue. When I commented to one Christian columnist about the difficulty I was having with the belief that all non-Christians would go to hell, he replied, "Uh-oh, you sound like a Universalist!" Hey, that

sounded about right. Given all the bloodshed and persecution that has gone on through the ages in the name of religion, shouldn't we start practicing tolerance? Claiming that Jesus was the *only* way to salvation felt like Christian imperialism. *Maybe this isn't the spiritual home I seek.*

For me, religion is not so much about a belief in dogmas and traditions. It must be a spiritual *experience*, and I find it impossible to have that experience when I cannot reconcile myself to the Judeo-Christian assumption that man was God's principal creation, with woman (Eve, fashioned from Adam's rib) a mere derivative afterthought. Nor can I accept woman as the cause of man's downfall, an assumption that has permitted men through the ages to regard women with suspicion and misogyny. (The best bumper sticker I ever saw read, *EVE GOT A BUM RAP*.) Women were anything *but* an afterthought for the Jesus I believe in. His acceptance of and friendship with women was truly revolutionary at a time when the male-dominated status quo had severed religion's connection to the prepatriarchal ancient goddess and to nature. There was a reason why women were among Jesus' most ardent followers: They responded to his revolutionary message of compassion, love, and *equality*.

The outlawed Christian communities that spread into the desert to worship in secret after Jesus died included more women than men, by a margin of two to one. Women were among the early Roman Christians who met clandestinely in their homes, preached, converted men, and performed the Eucharist.

I am moved and inspired by those early Christians—like those in the Gospel of Thomas, the Secret Gospel of Mark, and the Book of John—who saw themselves as seekers more than believers; who felt that *experiencing* the divine was more important than mere *belief* in the divine. According to them, Jesus preached that each individual has the potential to *embody* God (embodiment again). Perhaps this is one reason these teachings were outlawed and excised from Christian dogma back in the fourth century: They meant there was no need for priests or bishops—or hierarchy. By erasing these early interpretations of the founding myths of Judeo-Christian civilization, the fathers of patriarchy (in this case bishops) caused a potentially fatal split between mind and body. Spirit and matter. This split is the essential cornerstone of patriarchy—of the Fathers' house. I have lived this split alongside my (biological) father and my three husbands. This split is more evident in men (which is what gives it toxic heft, since men currently run things), but it exists to vary-

ing degrees in women as well—as my story shows. If our civilization hadn't been built on devaluing, fearing, and denigrating women, men wouldn't split head from heart and distance themselves from their emotions, which are supposed to be the domain of women.

I am only at the start of my soul journey, but with my discovery of the early Christian interpretations and having found a community of feminist Christians, reverence is humming back to me.

Sometimes the open wounds left by regret can become fertile ground for the seeds of restitution. My regrets are that I wasn't a better parent and that I have had to wait so long to feel like a whole person. People often ask me why have I chosen to work on issues of adolescent pregnancy, sexuality, and parenting. These are the issues that call to me, asking me to try to prevent young people from having to wait as long as I did to respect, honor, and be themselves.

To know what needs to happen to make children resilient and healthy, and to avoid early pregnancy, I can draw on my research, travels, and interviews with parents and youths around the world. But I can also think back on what did or didn't happen in my own and my children's early years. The parent—especially the mother (or mother figure), especially in the formative years when the brain isn't yet hardwired—is the critical factor. And if the mother, for whatever reason (depression, addiction, violence, abuse), can't show up for her child, another caring, nurturing adult must be found to provide the necessary bond. Fathers, if they are warm and loving, can be crucial to a child's resilience. The safety of a father's loving (nonsexual) embrace can help ensure that a daughter won't seek a man's love in the wrong places. A son can be inoculated against the toxic effects of patriarchy if his father (or another consistent, loving male) models emotional expressiveness and caring. For girls and boys, being fatherless is less damaging than having a rigid, abusive father.

But whether we are parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, neighbors, teachers, ministers, or athletic coaches, we all have a responsibility. This means, through our example, showing "perfection" to the door and helping girls respect themselves whether or not they conform to society's current aesthetic norms; talking to them about feelings, relationships, and sexuality; and, most important, listening to and *hearing* them.



In 2000 I went to Nigeria with staff of the International Women's Health Coalition to make a documentary about three unique and highly successful programs for girls. Here I am squatting amid a group of schoolgirls in Lagos.

I have talked more about women and girls because . . . well, because I am one of the former and I used to be one of the latter. But over the last number of years I have seen how boys are affected by the same things as girls, only it manifests earlier and differently in boys. I have some very personal reasons for needing to understand boys as well as girls. I have a brother, a son, a grandson, and (more recently) a granddaughter for whom I hope one day there will be an empathetic partner to love. I know that lack of empathy is systemic in the patriarchal culture—one reason my heart goes out to men.

Psychologist Carol Gilligan has three sons and has done extensive research on the development of boys. Her research shows that whereas girls lose relationship with themselves at the start of adolescence (as I did), boys experience this loss roughly between the ages of five and seven, when they start formal schooling. This is when boys can begin to shut down and show signs of emotional stress (depression, learning disorders, speech impediments) and out-of-control behavior. Obviously not all boys experience this. It seems that warm, loving, but structured home and school environments act as vaccines against gender stereotypes.

When little boys begin to go out into the world, they internalize the message of what it takes to be a "real man." Sometimes it comes through their father, who beats it into them: *Don't be a sissy*. Or it can be a mother who won't or can't respect a child's real feelings. Sometimes it comes because our culture rips boys from their mothers: *Don't be a mama's boy*. Sometimes it's the "manhood" messages from teachers and the media. It can be a specific trauma that shuts them down, like what happened to Ted at five, when he was sent to boarding school. Think about all the men you know who are oddly divorced from their emotions. This isn't just a question of "Boys will be boys." It goes way beyond male/female differences in brain chemistry, and it has had an impact on all of us. Fear of being considered unmanly is so deeply ingrained that I believe a series of U.S. presidents refused to withdraw from Vietnam because they were afraid of being called soft. How many lives have been lost because leaders needed to prove they were "real men"? (And it is usually the poor who are sacrificed on the altar of our leaders' insecure manhood.)

For their own good, and for the good of every other living thing on the planet, men should join women in leaving the Fathers' house.

EPILOGUE

*"It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse.
"You become. It takes a long time. That's why it
doesn't often happen to people who break easily, or
have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept.
Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your
hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and
you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these
things don't matter at all, because once you are Real
you can't be ugly, except to people who don't under-
stand."*

—MARGERY WILLIAMS,
The Velveteen Rabbit

I am, gratefully, still a work in progress. I have part of one act to go in which to practice conscious living, be there as fully as I can for my children and grandchildren, contribute in whatever ways I can to healing the planet. If I can do these things, I'll be able to die gracefully and without regrets. We'll see.

In three years I will be seventy—which leaves me a little more than twenty years, if I'm lucky. I've worked hard to get where I am, and I can tell you with utmost certainty that entering my third act the way I did made all the difference, because it has forced me—every day—to show up, to remember that this is not a rehearsal and that I have promised myself to do what was needed so I wouldn't have regrets. Things change when you become intentional.

Bit by bit I have learned to love and respect my body. I may have be-

trayed my body, but my body has never betrayed me. Maybe in our Western culture you have to be a certain age for this to happen: to have lived long enough to love your hips for having enabled you to bear children, your shoulders to bear burdens, your legs to have carried you where you needed to go.

I have known failures. Those I have run from taught me nothing. Those I got to know intimately permitted me quantum leaps forward. The failures are what deliver us to ourselves. You don't get Real by playing it safe.

In 2004, after fifteen years in "retirement," I made another film, *Monster-in-Law*. I did it for two reasons: I needed money to create endorsements that will ensure the future of the adolescent reproductive health programs and services I helped start in Georgia, as well as professionals to run them. I also recognized that I am a very different woman today than I was fifteen years ago—at once lighter and heavier—and I wanted to see if this would change my acting experience. It did! Unlike fifteen years ago, I felt confident, playful. As of this writing, I haven't seen the movie, but the process was joyful both in the acting and in the relationships with cast and crew. It didn't hurt that my beloved friend Paula Weinstein was a producer of the movie and that it was filmed entirely in Los Angeles, where Troy could spend hours on the set watching me work and giving me great acting tips.

Vanessa has long since graduated with honors from Brown University, went on to study English and creative writing at NYU's graduate school and then to its Tisch School of the Arts to study film. She is a fine documentary filmmaker with two advocacy documentaries under her belt—one, *Fire in Our House*, made with Rory Kennedy (Robert and Ethel's youngest child), about the effectiveness of needle exchange as a harm-reduction strategy, and *The Quilts of Gee's Bend*. A granddaughter, Viva, has arrived—as bright and beautiful as a dream. I watch in awe as Vanessa mothers Malcolm and Viva with intention, intelligence, and unconditional love. Vanessa has grown into a woman with strong values, a discerning mind, and a desire to *make it better*. My in-house Jimmy Cricket, she continues to teach me. When I asked her to describe what she does, she said she was "one of the spiders on the web of life, pulling threads between elements—activists, organizations, funding—to create a more cohesive and sustainable whole." In Atlanta, she is developing a nationally replicable model of an environmental curriculum for preschoolers. She walks her talk.



As Viola Fields
in *Monster-in-Law*,
my first film in fifteen years.
It was fun.
(© MMV, NewLine Productions, Inc.
All rights reserved. Photo
by Melissa Moseley.)



On the set of
Monster-in-Law
with Paula, one of
its producers.
(© MMV NewLine
Productions, Inc.
All rights reserved.
Photo by Melissa Moseley.)

Troy studied acting at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and has become a fine actor, brave, with a range and style all his own. I had the surreal joy of walking down the red carpet on his arm when he was nominated for a Golden Globe for his lead role in Showtime's powerful *Soldier's Girl*. Then there was the thrill of someone walking right past me in a mall to ask him for his autograph. But beyond his creative talents, Troy is a beautiful, deep soul, a political activist who works to end youth violence, particularly our gang epidemic. When Eve Ensler asked me for a quote about how the world would be different if violence against women stopped, I said, "More men would be like my son."

Lulu lives in Atlanta, where she established the Lost Boys Foundation, which grants scholarships to young men who fled Sudan's civil war. She is also the director of the Atlanta Thrashers Foundation and their community development. She has grown into a confident woman with an insatiable intellectual curiosity.

Nathalie left the film business, graduated magna cum laude from Brown University as a cultural anthropologist, and lives in Maine, where she started a shelter for victims of domestic violence.

Thanks to Ted's generosity, the five of us continue our work with our family foundation, each with our own unique focus.

Ted and I are close friends and see each other regularly. His children are thriving. Beau runs his father's wildlife programs; Teddy owns a boatyard in Charleston, South Carolina; Rhett is a fine documentary filmmaker and photographer; Jennie raises children and horses in Virginia. They are all environmentalists and philanthropists. Laura sits on the boards of numerous environmental organizations and is a progressive force to be reckoned with. Their children call me Grandma.

Tom and his wife, the actor and singer Barbara Williams, are also friends of mine. Their five-year-old son, Liam, is Malcolm's uncle and Troy's brother. Families come in all configurations.

As for me, I feel myself being drawn forward along a path shaped by my new understandings of gender and of faith. I don't know where it will lead me, but I do know that my energies will be devoted to helping make things better.

We face a shrinking, congested planet with diminishing resources and no vast, conquerable frontier to escape and expand into. Globalization may be creating one sort of unified world, but for it to be a peaceful, just, sustainable form of unity, our consciousness needs to catch up to it.

Vanessa with her daughter, Viva.

Troy went to Afghanistan with Eve Ensler in 2002. He is standing in a metal box that had been riddled with bullets.
(Paula Venezia)

Lulu with retired NBA player Marvete Bol and one of her Lost Boys, Valentino Achak Deng.

The new reality *demands* internationalism, multilateralism, humility, and compassion. But these approaches are considered "effeminate" by the men who currently run our country. If Christ returned today, would he be labeled "effeminate" by these same people?—*those disciples, that emphasis on forgiveness, that suspicious identification with women and with the poor!*

There's a lot of work ahead. But the longest, darkest night of the year—the winter solstice, my birthday—is also, in the Southern Hemisphere, the summer solstice, the longest, brightest day of the year. It all depends on your perspective.

From *my* perspective, what we are seeing are the final paroxysms, the flailing, dangerous death throes, of the old, no longer workable, no longer justifiable patriarchal paradigm. I believe that just beneath the surface a great tectonic shift is occurring. I don't know if you've ever been to Yellowstone National Park. Yellowstone is one of the places where the earth's crust is thinnest and where thermal activity is closest to the surface (the famous geyser Old Faithful is but the most dramatic evidence of this activity). If you walk or drive through the forests and meadows, you can see steam and puddles of hot mud bubbling up through cracks in the earth's surface. I have witnessed the equivalent of that steam and hot mud bubbling up all around the world—in the form of women and men who are ripening the time for the bubbling to become volcanic. I am one of them.

My arms and heart are flung wide—welcoming more transformation, wherever it leads. I am filled, rich with an inheritance of memories and lessons: Not only my mother's lovely, doomed butterflies and my father's final silent tears. Not only my cherished blood family and chosen family and the men I've loved and my trusted women friends. But also Susan and Sue Sally, and Ms. Hepburn's evocative challenge: "Don't get soggy!" Hope smiling in the eyes of a schoolgirl in a bombed Vietnamese shelter hole, and pain brimming in the eyes of veterans. Girls in clean dresses making stationery from garbage. Every character I've played on-screen/onstage *and* every role I found myself playing in my personal life. All the trees I've planted and animals I've loved. Some pretty terrific fountains-of-Versailles-and-fireworks sex! The conversations and books—including this one—that changed my life; the lessons of pain; the healing anger that shatters silence; the courage to scrape oneself up off the floor and try *again*—and then *again*. The moments I've glimpsed of searing embers and simple grace



2004, in Santa Monica with Tom; his wife, actress/singer Barbara Williams; their son, Liam; me, Vanessa, Viva, and Malcolm.

EPILOGUE

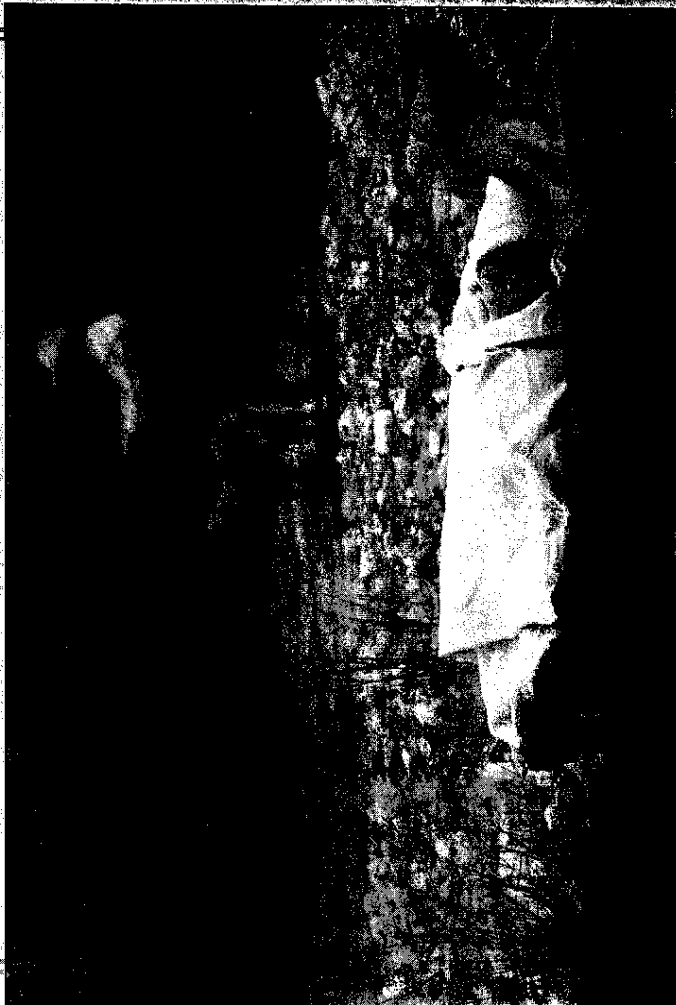
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Every earned line on my skin and scar on my heart—I can own them now. I can affirm every *imperfection* as my share of our mutual, flawed, fragile humanity.

Each story and individual, each metamorphosis—they live in me now, and celebrate being here, being useful.

Deep in my blood, brain, heart, and soul—they've all come back to live in me.

And, finally, so have I.



2000, fishing on Ted's Flying D ranch,
Roxy at my side and Malcolm sleeping on the shore.

Life is good.
(Vanessa Vadim)

FILMOGRAPHY

2005	<i>Monster-In-Law</i>	1972	<i>Tout Va Bien</i>
1990	<i>Stanley & Iris</i>	1972	<i>F.T.A. (documentary)</i>
1989	<i>The Old Gringo</i>	1971	<i>Klute</i>
1987	<i>Retour</i>	1969	<i>They Shoot Horses, Don't They?</i>
1986	<i>The Morning After</i>		
1985	<i>Agnes of God</i>	1968	<i>Tre Passi nel Delirio</i>
1984	<i>The Dollmaker</i>	1968	<i>Barbarella</i>
1981	<i>On Golden Pond</i>	1967	<i>Barefoot in the Park</i>
1981	<i>Rollover</i>	1967	<i>Hurry Sundown</i>
1980	<i>9 to 5</i>	1966	<i>La Curée</i>
1979	<i>The Electric Horseman</i>	1966	<i>Any Wednesday</i>
1979	<i>The China Syndrome</i>	1966	<i>The Chase</i>
1978	<i>Comes a Horseman</i>	1965	<i>Cat Ballou</i>
1978	<i>Coming Home</i>	1964	<i>La Ronde</i>
1978	<i>California Suite</i>	1964	<i>Les Félines</i>
1977	<i>Julia</i>	1963	<i>Sunday in New York</i>
1977	<i>Fun with Dick and Jane</i>	1963	<i>In the Cool of the Day</i>
1976	<i>The Blue Bird</i>	1962	<i>The Chapman Report</i>
1974	<i>Introduction to the Enemy</i> (documentary)	1962	<i>Walk on the Wild Side</i>
		1962	<i>Period of Adjustment</i>
1973	<i>A Doll's House</i>	1960	<i>Tall Story</i>
1973	<i>Steelyard Blues</i>		

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